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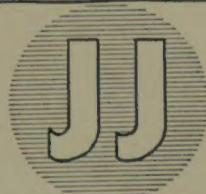
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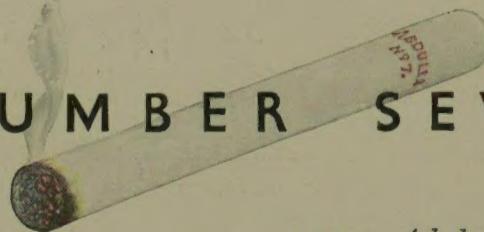


*All this...  
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*L. Mervin Hart*

The welcome bustle of leaving moorings . . . and the settling into the fitful routine of a passage. The brassy glare of the sun . . . the infinite twinkling of the rippled sea. The 'chunk, chunk' of wavelets on the hull . . . and the baking stillness of a run before the wind. And for perfection one thing more—

## NUMBER SEVEN



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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1950.



FRANCE SNATCHES A VICTORY FROM AMERICA: THE EXCITING FINISH OF THE 171<sup>ST</sup> DERBY, SHOWING M. BOUSSAC'S GALCADOR, RIDDEN BY W. JOHNSTONE, WINNING BY A HEAD FROM PRINCE SIMON, WITH DOUBLE ECLIPSE, THIRD.

The 1950 Derby, the 171<sup>st</sup> renewal of the Derby Stakes, was run at Epsom on May 27 and resulted in one of the most exciting finishes of recent years. M. Boussac's chestnut colt, *Galcador*, ridden by W. Johnstone and trained by C. H. Semblat in France, won the race by a head from the favourite, Mr. Woodward's *Prince Simon*, with

Lady Zia Wernher's *Double Eclipse* four lengths away, third. It was a great day for France and for M. Boussac, who completed the Epsom double, having won the Oaks with *Asmena* on May 25. *Prince Simon*, bred in the United States but trained here, was favourite at 2 to 1, *Galcador*'s starting-price was 100 to 9.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

HAVING recently completed a six-years task—one which in its closing stages demanded almost ceaseless concentration—I found myself the other day suffering from the probably inevitable reaction and indulging in a mood of almost irresistible idleness. Yielding to it, though a great accumulation of business and correspondence demanding immediate attention should certainly have prevented me, I picked up at random an old novel from the shelf of the house where I was staying, and began to read. Mesmerised, though at first a little ashamed of my idleness, I continued to turn over the pages for two or three hours until the tale was finished.

It was a very artless one—written at the beginning of the century, when I was a little boy, about the life of the rich in the West End of London at that time. It was the work of a novelist with a wide contemporary public, though one now probably almost forgotten. The story was one which could not conceivably hold an experienced modern novel-reader; there was nothing in it of crime or sex—beyond the mildest and most unexceptionable romance between two of the characters—or even of psychology. It was merely a surface tale embroidered in the conventional pattern of "Debrett," Burke's "Landed Gentry" and the rules of late Victorian moral conduct and good behaviour. A young girl, brought up—as a result of her well-born father's misalliance—in a farmhouse on the Welsh border, comes up to London to stay in a great house in fashionable Grosvenor Square, now a flamboyant annexe of the American Embassy, with a rich, elderly and bedridden aunt. A few weeks after her arrival, the aunt dies, leaving the house and all her vast wealth to the girl's only brother, a young soldier serving his country in South Africa. Pending her adored brother's homecoming, the girl remains in the great house, with its sixteen servants, looking after its treasures and family heirlooms. She does not know a soul in the Metropolis, can take no part in the gay, conventional life going on all round her, and speaks only to the upper servants and her deceased aunt's legal adviser; "professional gentlemen," had been almost that lady's last injunction, "do not count as visitors." The turning-point in the book—and its tempo can scarcely be described as animated—occurs when the poor, lonely girl, or, rather, young lady, to quote the refined idiom of the time, decides to emulate the vicar's wife at home and call on a newcomer to Grosvenor Square—a complete stranger—whose arrival she had noted in the *Court Circular*. Setting out, therefore, in the immense double brougham, with its aged coachman and footman, in which, following her aunt's daily routine, she drove every afternoon in the Park, she descended on her new neighbour, a smart Honourable married to an aspiring stockbroker, in the middle of an over-prolonged and fashionable luncheon-party and, to the bewilderment of the company, welcomed her to Grosvenor Square. Among the astonished guests who witnessed the girl's shame-making blunder was a dowager Duchess and her son, a young, delicate and slightly lame Duke. The latter turned out to be a distant cousin, subsequently called on her, and in the end married her, which he was enabled to do his mother would never otherwise have allowed it—

because her brother, though killed in Africa, left her half his fortune. This enabled the young Duke to rebuild his tumbledown castle in Ireland and pension off his aged retainers as well as to live happily ever after. Seeing that they married in 1902, he and his bride, indeed, may still be doing so, though one fears, thanks to Sir Stafford Cripps and his almost equally grasping predecessors, in somewhat reduced

at any rate, wandered a good way from the standards, social and literary, of 1902. We take no pleasure in the worldly ladder afforded by an aristocracy; our worldly ladders, and we have many, are of a different kind. We are just as childish, just as material-minded, just as selfish, and just as downright silly as our predecessors fifty years ago, but in different ways. Like them, we pursue shadows, and are as vulgar and unreflective

in their pursuit. By our repudiation of the mirage called aristocracy, we have not, so far as I can see, reduced the sum total of human folly and capacity for an illusion by an iota. We have merely substituted other illusions and, on the whole, even more ignoble ones. For, with all its shortcomings, the idea of aristocracy was founded on something fine and, possibly, if man is to achieve anything but material repletion, indispensable in human nature. It is an attempt, however doomed by the imperfections of mortal existence to ultimate failure, to create a society in which men and women suppress or ignore the base and material aspect of themselves and recognise only that aspect in which they partake of a more divine nature. The French nineteenth-century poet and philosopher, Amiel, put the matter excellently in a passage quoted by Matthew Arnold from Mrs. Humphry Ward's translation of his journal: "In society people are expected to behave as if they lived on ambrosia and concerned themselves with no interests but such as are noble. Care, need, passion, do not exist. All realism is suppressed as brutal. In a word, what is called *le grand monde* gives itself for the moment the flattering illusion that it is moving in an ethereal atmosphere and breathing the air of the gods. For this reason all vehemence, any cry of nature, all real suffering, all heedless familiarity, any genuine sign of passion, are startling and distasteful in this delicate *milieu*, and at once destroy the collective work, the cloud-palace, the imposing architectural creation raised by common consent. It is like the shrill cock-crow which breaks the spell of all enchantments, and puts the fairies to flight. These select gatherings produce without intending it a sort of concert for eye and ear, an improvised work of art. By the instinctive collaboration of everybody concerned, wit and taste hold festival, and the associations of reality are exchanged for the associations of imagination. So understood, society is a form of poetry; the cultivated classes deliberately recompose the idyll of the past, and the buried world of Astraea. Paradox or not, I believe that these fugitive attempts to reconstruct a dream, whose only end

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: ILLUSTRATIONS AND A QUOTATION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JUNE 1, 1850.



EPSOM RACES: VOLTIGEUR, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY STAKES, 1850.

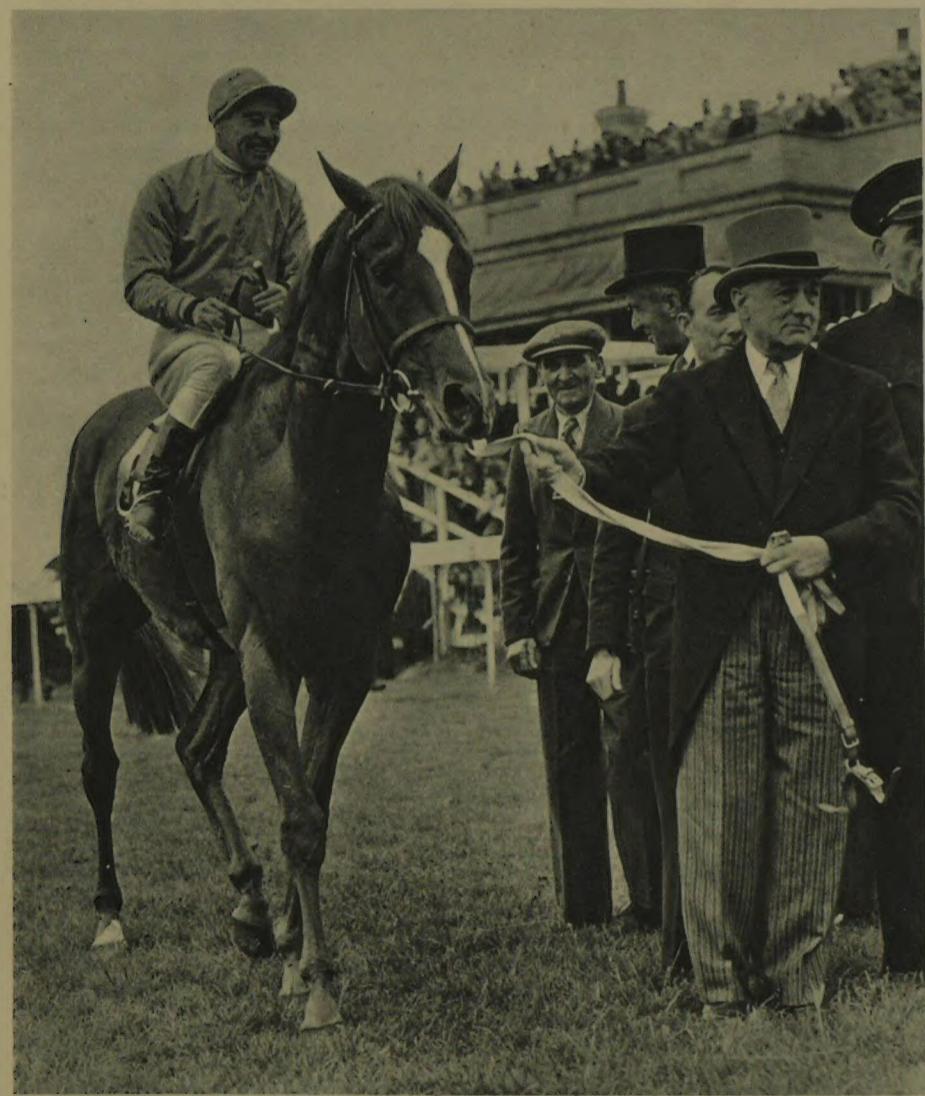
The Epsom Races—"Once in every twelvemonths, London, that sedatest of cities, that most circumspect, diligent, and decorous of capitals, by especial convention of Parliament, and general social compact declared at the beginning of each year in almanacks, diaries, and such-like manuals of reference, gives sobriety to the winds, and rushes into a passion of revelry with the abandon of an Italian carnival, or an ancient Roman saturnalia. Regularly as the return of a Derby Day, the marble men of her penetralia—her lanes, and courts, and alleys, her East-end Antonios and Shylocks, are possessed as with some new Promethean fire. For once in the twelve months their internal spirit cuts a caper, and their outward mortalities are bedight in most admired disorder. Behold them, even from sunrise till murky night, provoking by every succulent means and appliance a desperate glee, more akin to madness than mirth; and sung, and said, and stereotyped the pageant has been, till all its incidents are as familiar as household words." The 1850 Derby was won by Lord Zetland's *Voltigeur*, Mr. H. Hill's *Pitsford* was second, and Lord Airlie's *Clincher* third. The race was run in 2 min. 50 secs.

circumstances. It is some consolation, however, to think that the elderly dependants must by now have died off, and their pensions have reverted to the ducal estate. Moreover, their successors, if any—for one hopes that the course of true wedded love and the march of history have not yet led this exalted pair to the scullery—would scarcely need pensions, since Sir Stafford and his friend Mr. Bevan have assumed this obligation, with, of course, every due formality and safeguard, some of them, one finds from experience, of a rather tyrannical kind.

Such, in brief—for I have omitted a few minor subtleties in the plot—is the artless tale that kept me from my duty for two hours of a mild twentieth-century Sabbath. We seem to have progressed, or,

is beauty, represent confused reminiscences of an age of gold haunting the human heart; or, rather, aspirations towards a harmony of things which everyday reality denies to us, and of which art alone gives us a glimpse."

Such attempts are to-day discredited and, because they were exclusive and therefore selfish, assumed to be ridiculous. We are right to deplore their exclusiveness, but are wrong to condemn them *per se*. For in their ultimate objective, if only it could be offered to all, they were admirable, and indispensable to any truly civilised existence. And only by the attempt being made to create an aristocratic society at all can the chance for all to participate in it be offered to the great mass of mankind. The next stage in our social development should be to realise this.



(TOP PICTURE.) THE ROYAL PARTY ON THEIR WAY TO THE PADDOCK. (R. TO L.) THE DUKE OF NORFOLK WITH THE QUEEN; SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD WITH THE KING: BEHIND THE KING AND RIGHT TO LEFT, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, THE DUCHESS OF KENT, PRINCESS MARGARET AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH. (BOTTOM LEFT.) M. BOUSSAC LEADING IN THE WINNER *GALCADOR*, WITH W. R. JOHNSTONE UP. (BOTTOM RIGHT.) QUEEN MARY ARRIVING AT EPSOM TO WATCH THE DERBY ON THE DAY AFTER HER EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY—THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, LEFT.

#### *GALCADOR'S DERBY : ROYAL SPECTATORS AND PROMINENT PEOPLE AT FRANCE'S THIRD VICTORY IN FOUR YEARS.*

This year's Derby was a great social and royal occasion; and a great crowd, on the first day of ration-free petrol, cheered the arrival of the Royal party. The King and Queen were accompanied by Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent. There was an especial welcome for Queen Mary, who on the day before (May 26) had celebrated her eighty-third birthday. The Royal party was received at the entrance

to the Grand Stand by the three stewards, the Earl of Rosebery, the Duke of Norfolk and Sir Humphrey de Trafford. After the race the King sent for M. Boussac and congratulated him on the victory of his horse. M. Boussac had previously won the Oaks with *Asmene*, this being the first time that the same owner, trainer and jockey had achieved the Oaks-Derby double since the Chevalier Ginistrelli's victory with *Signorinetta* forty-two years ago.



TO BE COMMANDED BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: MAGPIE A 1430-TON FRIGATE, WHICH WILL BE THE DUKE'S FIRST COMMAND.

It was announced recently that the King had approved of the appointment of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh to H.M.S. *Magpie* in command, to date August, 1950. At the present time *Magpie* forms part of the Second Frigate Flotilla, serving in the Mediterranean. Her standard complement is about 190. During World War II., the frigate (then classed as a sloop) formed part of the famous 2nd Escort Group, which operated with outstanding success against German U-boats in the Atlantic.

## MATTERS MARITIME, INVENTIONS OF WAR, AND THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY.

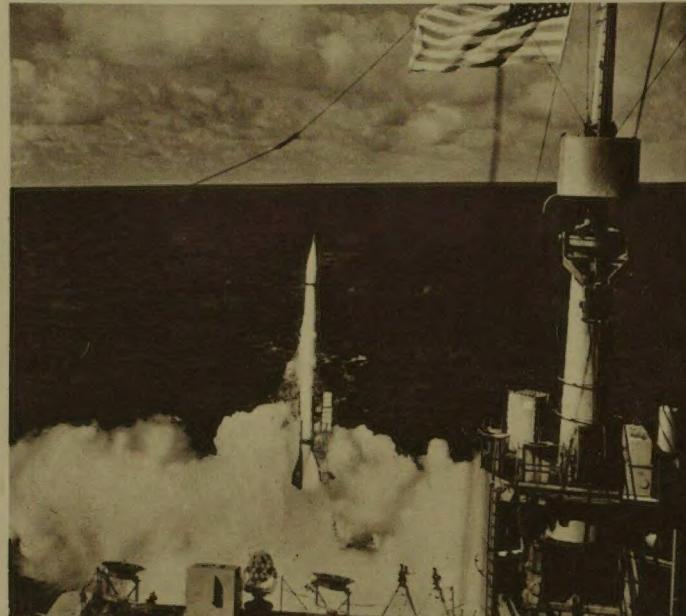


SHOWING THE PECULIAR SUPERSTRUCTURE AT THE STERN WHICH AROUSED MUCH INTEREST: ONE OF THE RUSSIAN SHIPS SEEN RECENTLY IN THE CHANNEL.

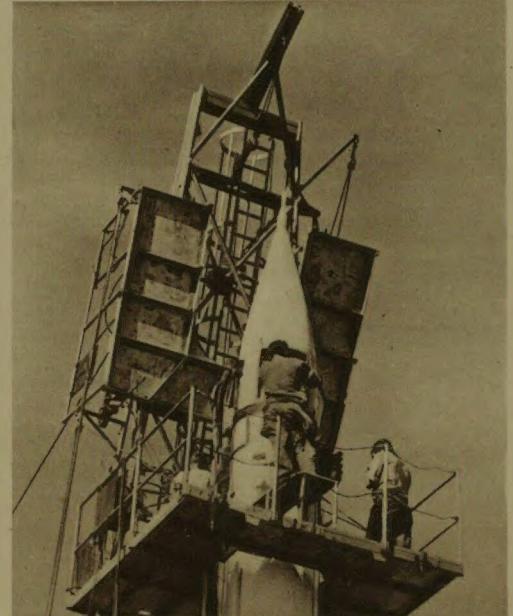
The first of thirty Russian trawlers were seen in the English Channel on May 18, when seven vessels anchored off St. Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight. These were later joined by others and they all left British territorial waters and sailed south-west into the Atlantic on May 22. It was stated in Moscow that the trawlers were on passage to the Black Sea for sprat-fishing.



TO BE DROPPED FROM AN AIRCRAFT BUT GUIDED TO ITS TARGET BY RADIO: A 12,000-LB. BOMB PRODUCED FOR THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE.



BEGINNING ITS RECORD ASCENT OF 106·4 MILES: A U.S. VIKING SINGLE-STAGE ROCKET, BEING LAUNCHED FROM THE DECK OF THE SEAPLANE TENDER NORTON SOUND, IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.



PREPARING THE VIKING ROCKET FOR ITS RECORD ALTITUDE ASCENT: TECHNICIANS AT WORK DURING A RECENT TEST-FIRING.

We show above and to the right some of the most notable of recent U.S. developments in the sphere of guided missiles. Of these the most interesting is without doubt the *Viking* single-stage rocket which was fired on May 10 from the deck of the U.S.S. *Norton Sound*, a 9090-ton seaplane tender which has been adapted as the U.S. Navy's sea-going rocket laboratory. The rocket ascended to an estimated height of 106·4 statute miles, far exceeding the 78 miles reached by the *Aerobee*. The test was made near Christmas Island, several hundred miles south of Hawaii.

Our group of the Upper House in session during the Convocation of Canterbury which opened its May session on May 23, shows (l. to r.; top table) the Bishop of Birmingham, the Bishop of London, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester. At the right-hand table are seated, on the right side (from the top), the Bishops of Derby, Leicester, Southwark, and Hereford, and on the left side, those of Rochester, Coventry, Exeter and Guildford. At the left-hand table are seated, on the right side (from the top), the Bishops of Gloucester, Oxford, Ely, Norwich, Lincoln and Peterborough, and on the left-hand side are those of Chichester, Lichfield, St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich, Salisbury, Bristol and Portsmouth.



THE MAY SESSION OF THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE UPPER HOUSE LISTENING TO AN ADDRESS BY THE MOST REV. DR. FISHER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



SOUTH BANK—AND THE WEST END—FROM THE AIR: A REMARKABLE VIEW OF LONDON, SHOWING THE FESTIVAL SITE.

Although much construction remains to be done on the Festival of Britain site during the next twelve months before it will open in the spring of 1951, it is now possible to visualise how the more important buildings will look on completion. Our remarkable photograph, taken on an exceptionally clear day in May, about noon, from the back seat of an Auster aircraft flying at 2000 ft., shows Westminster Bridge on the left, with the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben clearly visible. Buckingham Palace is in the left background, with the wooded acres of Hyde Park in the distance in the centre. St. James's Park is seen in front of the Palace, and the open space of the Horse Guards, with the Admiralty to the right of it, can be distinguished. The great blocks of Government buildings in Whitehall and Parliament Street are shown, with Downing Street lying beyond the Foreign Office (which can be recognised by its square courtyard). The County Hall lies on the South Bank, to the right of Westminster Bridge (left), abutting on the Festival site. The circular construction to the

right of County Hall is the Dome of Discovery. Charing Cross Railway Bridge divides the Festival Site in two and Waterloo Station is in the middle foreground, while to the right is Waterloo Bridge. The Shell-Mex Building, the Savoy Hotel and other great blocks facing the Embankment may be discerned between Charing Cross Railway Bridge and Waterloo Bridge. New Scotland Yard is situated almost opposite to the County Hall. The tree-bordered Mall, running from Admiralty Arch to the Palace, lies diagonally across the left-centre background, and Birdcage Walk marks the western boundary of St. James's Park. The whole panoramic view of London is remarkable and the area covered is a very large one. The eye can range as far as the Marble Arch and north of Oxford Street. Some of the large buildings just discernible in the distance above Waterloo Bridge are situated in that thoroughfare, and Londoners may be able to identify well-known stores among them. It is also possible to trace the curve of Regent Street towards the right-centre.

*Photograph by Aerofilms.*

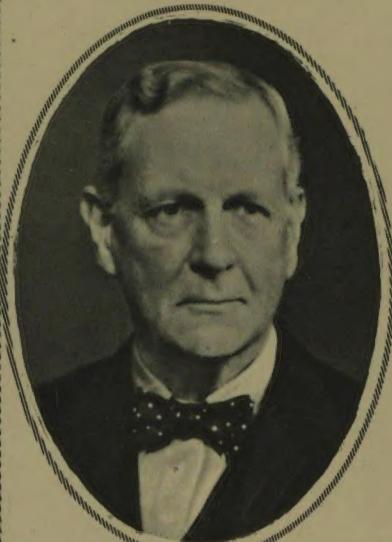
ITEMS OF THE WEEK  
AND PERSONALITIES.

SIR LESLIE PLUMMER.

Chairman of the Overseas Food Corporation since 1947, is to relinquish his £5000-a-year post on June 30. Mr. Webb, the Minister of Food, making the announcement in the House of Commons, said that suitable compensation would be paid. Last November Mr. Strachey, then Minister of Food, declared that the Government had full confidence in Sir Leslie as chairman of the Corporation.



THE CORONATION OF THE KING OF SIAM: THE KING (LEFT), UNDER THE NINE-TIERED ROYAL UMBRELLA, BESTOWING DECORATIONS ON HIS QUEEN, AND (RIGHT) WEARING THE JEWELLED CROWN.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS  
IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

SIR LESLIE SCOTT.

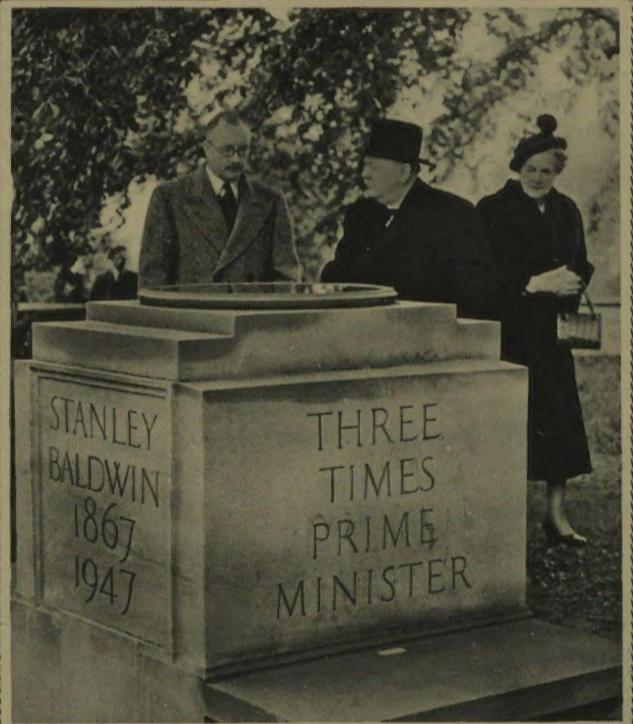
Died on May 19, aged eighty. He was a Lord Justice of Appeal from 1935 to 1948, and Conservative M.P. for Liverpool Exchange, 1910 to 1929. During the last six months of the Lloyd George Coalition he was Solicitor-General. He worked hard to preserve the beauties and amenities of the countryside, and was an active member of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England.



LEAVING FOR TORQUAY IN A HELICOPTER: DR. LOWE, VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY, WITH HIS WIFE. On May 23 a large crowd watched Dr. John Lowe, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University and Dean of Christ Church, and Mrs. Lowe, set off for Torquay in a helicopter. Dr. Lowe was guest of honour at the banquet of the British Federation of Master Printers in Torquay, and he returned to Oxford the following morning—also by helicopter, in time to leave for Newcastle where he received an honorary degree.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF TURKEY, MR. CELAL BAYAR (LEFT), WITH THE PREMIER, MR. ADNAN MENDERES. On May 22, Mr. Celal Bayar, leader of the Democratic Party, was elected President of the Republic of Turkey by the Grand National Assembly in succession to General İnönü, whose Party was defeated in the elections. Mr. Adnan Menderes has formed a new Government, and Mr. Refik Koraltan, the Democratic Party's candidate, has been elected President of the Assembly.



INAUGURATING A MEMORIAL TO THE LATE LORD BALDWIN: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT ASTLEY, NEAR BEWDLEY. On May 20, Mr. Winston Churchill received the Freedom of the City of Worcester and from there went to Astley, near Bewdley, where he handed to trustees the deeds of a memorial to the first Earl Baldwin of Bewdley. The memorial stands in a roadside garden and records that Lord Baldwin was three times Prime Minister and lived and died at Astley Hall. In our photograph Mr. Churchill is seen with Mrs. Churchill and the Hon. Windham Baldwin.



DISCUSSING AID FOR SOUTH-EAST ASIAN COUNTRIES: REPRESENTATIVES OF SEVEN BRITISH COMMONWEALTH COUNTRIES AT THE OPENING SESSION OF THE CONFERENCE IN SYDNEY. Representatives of seven British Commonwealth countries—the United Kingdom, Canada, Ceylon, India, New Zealand, Pakistan and Australia—attended a conference, to discuss problems in the non-Communist Southern Asian countries, which opened in Sydney, Australia, on May 15. The Conference followed that held in Colombo in January, at which the Australian External Affairs Minister, Mr. P. C. Spender, put forward a plan for the mutual economic help and development of non-Communist countries in Southern Asia.



SHAPING LABOUR POLICY IN SECRET SESSION: LABOUR PARTY LEADERS AT THE BEATRICE WEBB HOUSE, NEAR DORKING, WHERE A TWO-DAY CONFERENCE WAS RECENTLY HELD. A two-day conference between leaders of the principal sections of the Labour movement ended on May 21 at the Beatrice Webb House, near Dorking. The Conference was attended by fifty-six representatives, and most of the Cabinet Ministers were there, including the Prime Minister. Our photograph shows (front row, l. to r.) Mr. Tom Williams, Minister of Agriculture; Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Health; Mr. S. W. Blower, Chairman of the Co-operative Union; and Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, Minister of Defence.

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF CURRENT EVENTS:  
THE CAMERA AS REPORTER AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH TRAVELS BY HELICOPTER: A VIEW OF THE AIRCRAFT TAKING OFF FROM THE CATHEDRAL CHOIR SCHOOL PLAYING FIELDS AT OXFORD. The Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Lowe, Dean of Christ Church, accompanied by Mrs. Lowe, travelled in a helicopter from Oxford to Torquay on May 23, where he was guest of honour at the conference banquet of the Master Printers' Federation. The aircraft landed at Torre Abbey Meadows, on the sea-front. Another photograph appears on page 850.



ON A STATE VISIT TO FRANCE: QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS AND PRINCE BERNHARD AT ORLY AIRFIELD, WITH PRESIDENT AND MME. AURIOL.

Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, accompanied by Prince Bernhard, arrived at Orly Airfield on May 23, on a State visit to France. They were met by President and Mme. Auriol, the Prime Minister, members of the Government and the Netherlands Ambassador. Her Majesty then drove in procession to the Elysée Palace, where she invested President Auriol with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Netherlands Lion. A State banquet, followed by a reception, was held in the evening.

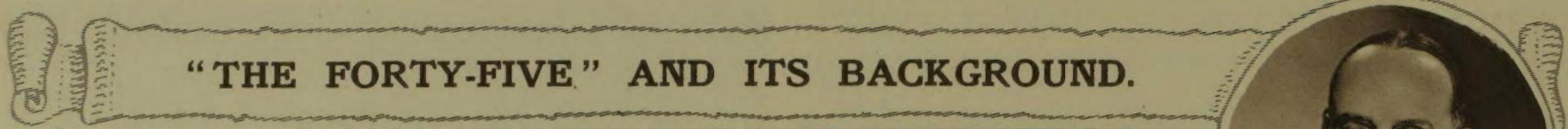


AN AIRMAN'S VIEW OF A GREAT FIRE: THE THICK COLUMN OF SMOKE FROM A BURNING RUBBER DUMP AT NEW MALDEN, SURREY, ON MAY 22. A giant column of black smoke towered over the countryside on May 22 when fire broke out at a rubber dump at New Malden, Surrey. More than fifty firemen and ten fire appliances were employed in fighting the flames and children in nearby schools were paraded ready for evacuation if the fire spread.



LEAVING IN PROCESSION AFTER VISITING THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER, ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD CUNNINGHAM.

On May 23 the ceremonies connected with the opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland took place in Edinburgh with the pageantry associated with the event. The Lord High Commissioner, Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope, inspected a guard of honour mounted by the 1st Bn. The Royal Scots in Parliament Square before proceeding to St. Giles' Cathedral, where he was awaited by the civic dignitaries, the Lord Lyon King of Arms, and the retiring Moderator, the Right Rev. Principal George S. Duncan.



*"The Jacobite Movement: The Last Phase 1716-1807"; by SIR CHARLES PETRIE, Bt.\**

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

NEARLY twenty years ago Sir Charles Petrie published a book about the Jacobite Movement. It is out of print and will remain out of print; for, making use of a great deal of new manuscript material, he has enlarged it into a solid and masterly work of two volumes. The first volume, covering the period 1688-1716, was reviewed in this place a year or two ago: the second has now appeared. The two together must surely (I speak with reservations about human fallibility) endure as the standard work on the subject.

The Fifteen and the Nineteen (which is seldom remembered) took place at a time when the memories of the Stuarts were fresh in the public mind and there was a strong chance of a general rising in England had things been properly handled. By the time the Forty-five came the exiled dynasty had been off the throne for fifty-seven years, and, although George II. was just as detestable and boring as his father, the country had become accustomed to the tribe, and though many of the gentry still ceremonially drank to "the King over the Water" and hoped for a second Stuart Restoration, few of them were prepared to organise and act. Some of their inferiors showed them an example. "A thousand lashes was not considered at all excessive punishment for a soldier who raised his mug of beer to James's health, and on at least one occasion a servant-girl who said she wished all the hairs on her head were dragoons to fight for the rightful King was publicly whipped; dripping with blood, and disfigured for life, the child nevertheless refused to renounce her Jacobitism, thereby setting an example of constancy which was in marked contrast to the behaviour of her elders and betters amongst the English Jacobites."

Charles Edward, when he landed with the Seven Men of Moidart, must have looked to the prudent as the leader of the most thoroughly Lost of Lost Causes. But he landed in Scotland and the Scots remembered that he was a Scot (our present Monarch's tenure of the throne is based entirely on a Scots descent), the legend of Montrose in Scotland had overcome the legend of John Knox (for even in Scotland there were Roundheads and Cavaliers as, to this day, there are in this country), and, above all, he had great gallantry and charm. Whig historians, with the usual mercilessness of the victors, have fondly and nastily dwelt upon his ultimate corruption. He had an illegitimate daughter by a Miss Walkinshaw (though I think that, like his great-uncle, Charles II., he was more seduced than seducing), and after his great enterprise failed he took to the bottle, was hounded from pillar to post, and, in the end, had to reconcile himself to the idea of his young wife going off with an Italian poet, and a very distinguished one at that. But, after the crash, what could he do? As he was not a member of a reigning dynasty, no Governorship of an Oversea Dominion was open to him. He went to pieces as Lord Byron went to pieces in Venice: and he lived too early to go with Byron to Missolonghi and redemption.

He was a man of action. Had his father, James III., been King of England he might have gone down to posterity as the most sensible of our Kings; had Prince Charles Edward become King of England (or, rather, Great Britain), he would have been remembered as the most dashing of them since Coeur-de-Lion. His letters to his father before the great event show a Christian spirit, a passion for

England, and great humanity: after his first victory, his chief concern (Butcher Cumberland had another frame of mind) was about the wounded on the other side. And he might have won.



"ONE OF THE MORE OBSCURE ACTORS IN THE DRAMA OF THE STUARTS": CLEMENTINA SOBIESKA.  
From a Contemporary Portrait attributed to Francesco Cavaliere Trevissani. Scottish National Portrait Gallery.  
Reproductions from the book "The Jacobite Movement: The Last Phase": by Courtesy of the Publishers, Eyre and Spottiswoode, Ltd.

"What is certain is that in spite of the vehement opposition of the Prince the decision was taken to retreat to Scotland, and, unfortunately for his dynasty, Charles was not strong enough to overrule the verdict. A contrary decision



JAMES III. AND VIII.  
From a contemporary portrait attributed to Francesco Cavaliere Trevissani. Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

might well have changed the fate of the world, for the retreat from Derby marked a turning-point. The problem of what would have happened had Charles marched forward instead of back is comparable with any of the other great 'ifs.' Had Hannibal been joined in Italy by his brother; had Christ been acquitted by Pilate and released; had Grouchy arrived in time at Waterloo; had the Gallipoli gamble been successful—all these are speculations in which it is certainly interesting, and not necessarily unprofitable, to indulge, and with them may be classed the possible consequences of an advance, instead of a retreat, from Derby on that December morning in 1745.

"Your ancestor was wrong," King George V. once remarked to the late Duke of Atholl at Blair. "Had Charles Edward gone on from Derby I should not have been King of England to-day." The almost unanimous opinion of modern writers, too, is that the Prince was right and his advisers were wrong."

But, with all due respect to the memory of that staunch King, George V., I can't help thinking that, had Charles Edward won the war, things would have worked out very much as they have worked out. For the "Young Pretender's" wife was sterile; his brother,

Henry, Cardinal Duke of York, was a celibate priest; and the "rightful heir," now Rupprecht of Bavaria, came through so many female descents and so much Catholicism, that only genealogists would have known who he was. When Henry, Cardinal York, died he passed his heirlooms over to the Prince Regent; and the Prince Regent, that much maligned man, subscribed toward his tomb in Saint Peter's, in Rome. Our present Queen is a Scot; her grandson, and the heir to the throne, is called Charles; and even if one thinks that the

murder of Charles I. was the nastiest event in English history, and loathes the memory of the Ashleys and the Laudermores and the Dutch usurper and the Early Georges, one must really now regard the old hatchet as buried. Jacobite as I am, why on earth should I parade in favour of Rupprecht of Bavaria, who (to do him justice) has never laid claim to the British throne, and who, anyhow, commanded a German Army against us in the Kaiser's War? It is odd that there are still adherents of the White Rose who talk contemptuously of one "wee, wee German laddie" but still uphold the claims of another, far more remotely descended from the Stuarts.

As in his first volume, Sir Charles produces a great deal of information about Jacobite plots: much of it drawn from the Stuart papers at Windsor. The reading of it all is a sorry and melancholy business for one who regrets that the plots did not succeed. "They always went into battle and they always fell," was written by an Irishman about the Irish; it applies to Romantics outside Ireland: Leonidas and Robert E. Lee were two of a kind. And in Elysium those men must welcome Prince Charles Edward, taking little notice of his later collapse, because of the bravery and chivalry of his resplendent youth.



SIR CHARLES PETRIE, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE  
Sir Charles Petrie, who is the third baronet, has written a number of works on historical, political and diplomatic subjects. Sir Charles' previous book on "The Jacobite Movement: The First Phase, 1688-1716," was reviewed in our issue of January 22, 1949.



"UNLESS HER PORTRAITS BELIEVE HER, SHE WAS NO GREAT BEAUTY": CLEMENTINA WALKINSHAW.  
From a Portrait by Allan Ramsay. Collection of Mr. Anthony G. Maxtone Graham.

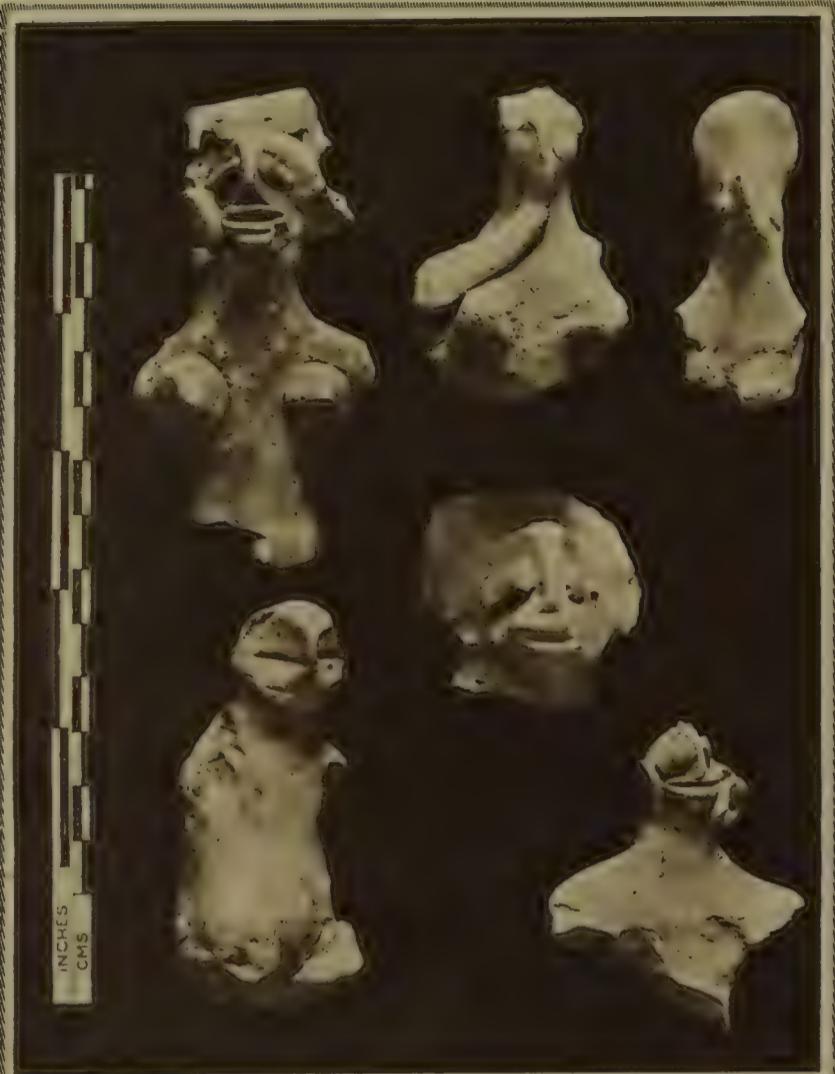
Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 876 of this issue.



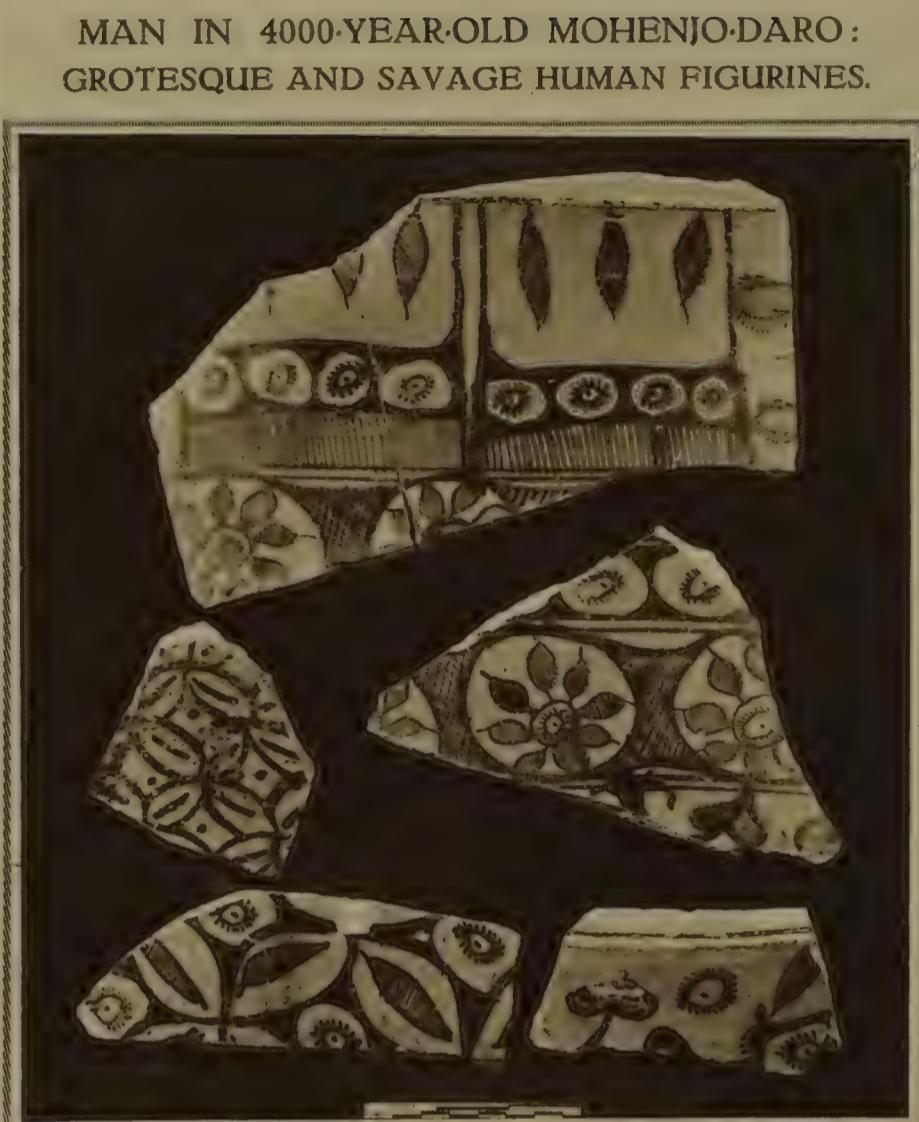
TAKING A FOUR-GALLON APERITIF BEFORE TACKLING A SQUARE MEAL: "DUMBO," THE LONDON ZOO'S TWO-YEAR-OLD ELEPHANT, HAS A LONG DRINK BEFORE STARTING ON HER DAILY RATIONS.

Dumbo, the London Zoo's two-year-old elephant, has recently started to give rides in the Zoo grounds to young visitors. Dumbo is no weakling, but even so she needs a square meal to keep up her strength and spirits. Our photograph shows the young elephant tackling her average daily ration of 40 lb. of hay, clover, biscuit meal, apples, carrots, potatoes, locust beans, green food, oats and, just to wash it down, four gallons of milk. Dumbo arrived in England by air in April, 1949, and was probably the first elephant in India to fly. When she arrived at the Zoo she was named Dumbo after the flying elephant in the famous Walt Disney film of that name. When the baby elephant was about six months old, she was discovered

roaming in the nearby jungle by some villagers near Golaghat, in Assam, presumably having somehow become separated from her mother. A trained catching elephant and some men brought her into camp, where she became very tame and popular. Though she was obviously a suckling calf, her mother could not be found, and she could not be returned alone to the jungle an easy prey to tiger or leopard. A local tea estate manager who provided medicines for her proper treatment wrote to the Calcutta and London Zoos suggesting that she would make an attractive specimen. The London Zoo at once accepted the offer, and the baby elephant arrived at London Airport on April 12, 1949. Dumbo is now 3 ft. 7½ ins. high.



GROTESQUE HUMAN FIGURINES, FOUND AT MOHENJO-DARO, AND DATING FROM ABOUT 4000 YEARS AGO: THE CLUMSY, BRUTAL TECHNIQUE SEEMS DELIBERATE, AND MAY BE CONTRASTED WITH THE CARE LAVISHED ON THE ANIMAL FIGURES OPPOSITE.



TYPICAL PAINTED POTTERY FOUND AT MOHENJO-DARO: IT IS BLACK ON RED AND, IN THE MAIN, PECULIAR TO THE INDUS VALLEY CIVILISATION, ALTHOUGH THE TOP FRAGMENT SHOWS LINKS WITH THE WORK OF THE IRANIAN PLATEAU.



TWO REMARKABLE STATUETTES FROM MOHENJO-DARO, EACH SHOWN IN PROFILE AND FROM THE FRONT: THE UPPER ONE WOULD APPEAR TO BE A BEAR-LIKE CREATURE; THE LOWER, A ROUGHLY-FORMALISED MOTHER-GODDESS STATUE.



MUCH MORE NATURALISTIC THAN THE GENERAL RUN OF MOHENJO-DARO HUMAN REPRESENTATIONS: TWO VIEWS OF A FIGURINE, WHICH SEEKS TO PORTRAY WITH SOME FAITHFULNESS THE ETHNIC CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ORIGINAL HUMAN MODEL.

In our last two issues we have reproduced a number of photographs of the recent excavations conducted at the 4000-year-old Indus Valley city of Mohenjo-daro by the Archaeological Department of Pakistan, under the direction of Dr. R. E. Mortimer Wheeler. In his article in our last issue, Dr. Mortimer Wheeler stressed the rigid centralisation of the ancient city's organisation and control; and some of the smaller discoveries recently made, and illustrated on this page and opposite, tend to underline this point. The human representations, principally figurines, which have been found, appear to have been done with a deliberate roughness and clumsiness, as though the

human being were an unimportant thing, an impersonalised cog in the complex organisation, represented as indifferently as the little figure who stands for so many million householders or ratepayers or manual workers, in a digest of statistics. And these little humans, besides being impersonal, have a sinister and unnerving quality comparable with the statuettes discovered near Lake Chad in Equatorial Africa and illustrated in our issue of December 17, 1949. Even the mother-goddess figure is put together with an indifference which vanishes when the representation of animals is in question, as is shown on the opposite page.

ANIMALS IN 4000-YEAR-OLD MOHENJO-DARO:  
METICULOUS AND LOVING REPRESENTATIONS.



MODELED WITH SOME PRECISION, IN CONTRAST TO THE HUMAN FIGURINES OPPOSITE: STATUETTES FROM THE MOHENJO-DARO EXCAVATIONS, SHOWING DOGS, A WATER BUFFALO, HUMPED CATTLE BULLS AND WHAT MAY BE A TIGER.



SEALS (EACH WITH ITS IMPRESSION) RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT MOHENJO-DARO AND TYPICAL OF THIS FACET OF THE INDUS CULTURE OF 4000 YEARS AGO. THE HUMPED BULL (TOP LEFT) IS OF ESPECIAL INTEREST AND IS DISCUSSED IN THE TEXT.



TERRA-COTTA BULLS FROM THE MOHENJO-DARO EXCAVATIONS. THE BULL, FROM THE FREQUENCY AND CARE OF ITS REPRESENTATION, WOULD APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN A SACRED ANIMAL.



TWO MORE TYPICAL BULL FIGURINES FROM THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS. THE UPPER ONE IS ESPECIALLY WELL MODELED AND EFFECTIVE, THE LOWER BEING MORE BUFFALO IN TYPE.

It is impossible, when turning from the careless representation of the human figure which seems characteristic of the artists of Mohenjo-daro 4000 years ago, to the loving care with which they represented animals and official symbols (as shown above)—it is impossible to resist the idea that, in that Indus Valley city, with its powerful but inhuman architecture, its meticulously worked official seals, its precise animal sculpture and its indifference to human representation in art, there existed an all-powerful and inhuman hierarchy with an overbearing emphasis on material prosperity and rigid organisation. Some points of interest emerge from the five seals which are

shown with their impressions. The script is as yet uninterpreted, but numbers of examples continue to accumulate and no doubt some clue will in time be forthcoming. The humped bull shown in the top-left seal is portrayed with great precision, but has much larger horns than the present-day Indian Zebu. It is possible that the horns may have been exaggerated deliberately, but the wild humped cattle have larger horns than the domestic form, and it is worth remembering that the fossil humped ox (*Bos acutifrons*) had horns with a span of little short of 10 ft. From the frequency of its portrayal, the bull would seem to have been sacred.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

SOME years ago, when I was in America and had worked—or lectured—my way across to the State of Oregon, I found myself one evening at a small dinner-party. With the coffee came a slight bombshell. My hostess announced that I was to "go on the ether"—right now. This was the first I had heard of it. The broadcast, which was to take the form of an interview, had been arranged as a sort of boost for a lecture that I was giving next day. It seemed to me a somewhat optimistic gamble, for until then I had never sullied the ether, and a first broadcast might so easily be a flop, and the exact reverse of a boost. However, there it was, and I was carted straight off by my compère, a journalist. In the studio I was introduced to the announcer as "Dr. Elliott of London, England." I protested that I was neither a doctor nor from London. Merely a poor, sweaty gardener from a village in Hertfordshire. It was no good. All folk who went on the ether, I was told, were either bishops or movie-stars, generals, professors or doctors. And so, as Dr. Elliott of London, Eng., I was announced.

My compère's first leading question was an interesting and a happy one. How, in my opinion, did gardens in Western America compare with those in the East? A delicate matter, in view of a certain rivalry that seemed to exist between East and West. But I could honestly say that there were certain pleasant aspects of Western gardens which I had missed in the East. The more humid climate of Oregon seemed to encourage a type of vegetation which somehow resembled what I was used to in England. In the West, too, I had seen many gardens which were enclosed by hedges or fences in the English manner. In the East it seemed to be the custom to leave gardens unenclosed, unfenced, and wide open to the road, and to one another. In England the most important operation after building a house is enclosing its garden with hedge, wall or fence. The reasons for this are twofold. There is the practical matter of keeping out stray horses, cows, dogs and neighbours; and, above all, there is the deep-seated psychological reason which hinges round an Englishman's sense of property and of privacy. The love of owning a scrap of ground to plant and cultivate and improve exactly as one thinks fit is likely to die hard in this country. There are, I suppose, gardeners so soulless that they are content to rent a house whose garden is fenced only by restrictions and regulations, and in which no plant may exceed a given height, and so forth. What incentive is there to improve a leasehold garden by long-term planting of fruit-trees and shrubs when the lease may be terminated by local authority because a wallflower has run up to a couple of feet, or because one's colour-scheme runs to too much blue and violet, and too little of red?

The average British gardener's passion for privacy in his garden is very strong indeed. And yet it is easily satisfied. A front garden unfenced and open to the road will make him miserable, yet even a single strand of wire between lawn and road will have a magical psychological effect, as effective in suggesting privacy and security as sand to the silly ostrich. Another odd trait with the British house- and garden-holder is the hatred of seeing neighbours' houses, and the dread of being seen from them. I doubt if any

feet of corrugated-iron fence were erected to blot out the newcomer. It blotted out, too, all the morning sun from much of the screen-builder's garden. It became known as the "rude screen," and was the joy of all village boys, who would hurl stones at it, especially at night, for the sake of the metallic crash they made. A foolish and an unpleasing incident. The pathetic instance of attempted blotting out happened on the outskirts of London. Building operations were begun on a site adjoining a beautiful old Georgian house. The owner of the house at once planted a protective barrier of Lombardy poplars, some 15 to 18 ft. high. What a hope. Within a year the building operations had run up a vast block of flats, many storeys high. The poplars, so tall and gallant when planted, now looked like rather puny matchsticks. A year or two later I passed that way, and it was no longer pathetic. A second vast block of flats had sprouted where the Georgian house and the poplars had stood.

In trying to "plant out" neighbouring houses, it is important to use the right type of tree, and also to realise that evergreens are the only trees that will do the job completely. Evergreen trees, however, are mostly slow growing. It is best, therefore, not to attempt to blot out completely, but to be content with the psychological effect of merely confusing the view with deciduous trees of moderate size. In the average medium-to-small garden it is a mistake to plant forest trees, poplars, elms, willows, beeches, etc., in the hope of hiding neighbouring houses. Such trees tend rather to obscure the sky, and their roots to impoverish the garden. The better way is to choose small-growing trees, such as almonds, mountain ash, cherries, birches and the larger-growing cotoneasters, especially *C. frigida* and *C. salicifolia floccosa*. The roots of such trees do not spread far enough to rob the garden—on either side of the fence—and their topmost branches come far more into line of view between one's garden and the house next door than the tops of forest trees. Such trees, moreover, give their beauty of blossom and berry and, in some cases, of autumn foliage. It is in summer, when one is in the garden most, that the privacy provided by such



WITH LIGHT FLOWERING SHRUBS AND HERBACEOUS PLANTS USED TO INTERRUPT AND DIVERSIFY THE VIEW, WHILE FORMING A LIGHT SUMMER SCREEN: A GARDEN SHOWING THE RESULTS OF BURSTING SOME OF THE BONDS OF EXCESSIVE PRIVACY. In this garden, the border leading left from the rhododendron in the foreground, was originally occupied by a hedge (similar to that in the right background) 8 ft. high and 6 ft. thick. This hedge certainly gave privacy, but it also deprived the house of all light and prospect, and robbed the garden of all sustenance. Our picture shows the improvement made by grubbing out the hedge—a major operation—and replanting the space with herbaceous plants and a few lightly growing flowering shrubs.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

house was ever built within sight of any other house without causing feelings of bitter resentment and, oddly enough, this feeling, this longing for utter isolation seems to be strongest in the most closely built-up areas. I remember two instances in particular of this resentment of houses daring to spring up within sight of existing houses. One case was pathetic, and the other offensive.

A woman bought a little bit of land, which was obviously "ripe" for building, and built herself a little bit of a house. The plot next door soon sprouted with another house. There was fury at this outrage and, regardless of expense, thirty yards or so of fifteen

trees is most needed. In winter, when most of them will have shed their leaves, one seldom sits in the garden trying to imagine that one is in the depths of the country, far out of sight of any other house.

In naming a few of the many medium-to-small trees for blotting out the neighbours, I forgot to mention fruit-trees—plums, pears, damsons and apples. Standard specimens of these are just right as to height. They are beautiful in blossom, and, lastly, there will be the blessing of their crops of fruit. Last of all, if a few fall on the other side of the fence, it may soften the suspicion that one is so offensive as to wish to hide the House Next Door.





THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW ON MAY 23 IN PERFECT SPRING WEATHER : THEIR MAJESTIES WITH MR. WHITELEGG IN HIS ROCK GARDEN, WHICH WAS AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL.

Their Majesties the King and Queen, whose interest in gardening is well known, spent an hour and a half at the Royal Horticultural Society's Spring Flower Show in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on May 23, a day of glorious warm sunshine. They toured the marqueses and admired the splendid exhibits; and spent some time

in the outdoor section, where each rock garden has its miniature waterfall and small-scale pool. Our photograph shows them with Mr. Whitelegg in the rock garden for which he was awarded a gold medal. Further photographs of Royal visitors to the Chelsea Flower Show and of the exhibits appear elsewhere in this issue.

**THE LARGEST CHELSEA SHOW EVER HELD:  
ROYAL VISITORS, AND SOME FINE EXHIBITS.**



SHOWING THE POOL FED BY A MINIATURE CASCADE FALLING DOWN ROCKY STEPS: THE WINKFIELD MANOR NURSERIES ROCK GARDEN, WHICH WON A GOLD MEDAL.



DESIGNED TO OCCUPY THE WASTE CORNER OF A LARGE GARDEN: THE INFORMAL GARDEN EXHIBITED BY R. WALLACE AND CO., AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL.



AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE IMMENSE INTEREST WHICH THE GREAT CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW ROUSES: A VIEW OF THE CLOSELY PACKED RANKS OF SPECTATORS ADMIRING THE ROCK GARDENS IN THE OUTDOOR SECTION.



ROYAL VISITORS AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW ON TUESDAY, MAY 23: H.M. QUEEN MARY, WHO TOURED THE MARQUEES AND THE OUTDOOR SECTION, GREETING H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT ON HER ARRIVAL.



SHOWING THE MASSED GLOXINIAS IN THE FOREGROUND AND SWEET PEAS ROUND THE PILLAR: A VIEW OF THE FLORISTS' FLOWERS AND ANNUALS SHOWN BY E. WEBB AND SONS.

THE enormous interest which the people of this country take in horticulture is illustrated by the crowds who flocked to the Royal Hospital Grounds, Chelsea, during the three days of the most famous Flower Show in the world, the Royal Horticultural Society's Spring Flower Show. The King and Queen, and other members of the Royal family visited it, as is their usual custom, and made a complete tour of the exhibits on the private-view day. The King accepted a white carnation and the Queen a pink one from the Gold Medal exhibit of perpetual flowering carnations by Allwood Brothers. Queen Mary, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone were other Royal visitors. Lord Aberconway announced that this was the largest Chelsea Flower Show ever held, and that it is to be the forerunner of an even [Continued opposite.]



EXHIBITED BY DOBBIE AND CO.: A DISPLAY OF SWEET PEAS OF EVERY COLOUR. THIS FIRM WON A GOLD MEDAL FOR THEIR SPLENDID SELECTION OF TULIPS.

FORMAL, INFORMAL AND ROCK GARDENS;  
AND MASSED FLOWERS IN ALL THEIR GLORY.



AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL: THE ROCK GARDEN EXHIBITED BY G. G. WHITELEGG, SHOWING THE CHAIN OF POOLS AND TINY WATERCOURSE; AND A VARIETY OF ALPINE PLANTS.



EXHIBITED BY R. HANCOCK AND SONS: A FORMAL GARDEN ON CLASSICAL LINES, WITH BORDERS OF RHODODENDRONS, AZALEAS AND JAPANESE MAPLES AND CONIFERS.



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN ACCEPTING CARNATION BUTTONHOLES FROM MR. MONTAGUE ALLWOOD. THE KING CHOSE A WHITE FLOWER AND THE QUEEN A PINK ONE.



ROYAL VISITORS AT CHELSEA: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (EXTREME RIGHT), H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND, ON THE EXTREME LEFT, H.R.H. PRINCE WILLIAM, THEIR ELDER SON.



AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL: THE FINE DISPLAY OF FLOWERING PLANTS, (CHIEFLY ANNUALS), BY SUTTON AND SONS. A VERY LARGE VARIETY OF FLOWERS WAS SHOWN.



AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL: THE MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF MIXED HYBRIDS, FLORISTS' FLOWERS, INCLUDING SWEET PEAS, CINERARIAS AND LILIES, BY CARTER'S TESTED SEEDS.

*Continued.]*

greater one, for next year, to mark the Festival of Britain, it is hoped to increase the area under canvas. Our photographs cannot, of course, convey the dazzling beauty of the massed flowers, nor the loveliness of the gardens, shaded by trees wearing their tender early summer foliage, and the gaiety of the rock gardens, whose tiny waterfalls sparkled on the private-view day in welcome and brilliant spring sunshine; but they give a good idea of the range and the variety of the exhibits. The tulips were an outstanding feature of this year's display, and the "Blue Parrot," "Zany," "Orange Moon" and "Louis XIV." were among the varieties admired. The enormous begonias and impressive spikes of delphiniums which won a Gold Medal for Blackmore and Langdon were a high-light of the show, as were the variety of colouring and new shapes in the iris displays.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE RED RIVER FLOODS:  
DESERTED HOMES IN A WORLD OF WATER.



EVER-WELCOME AT THE SCENE OF A DISASTER: HOT TEA BEING TAKEN BY CANOE TO POLICE POINTS IN FLOODED WINNIPEG.



IN TOUCH WITH PATROLS WATCHING THE RED RIVER DYKES: A R.C.A.F. CONTROL-POINT; SHOWING AN OFFICER USING A FIELD TELEPHONE.



THE RED RIVER TAKES OVER A RESIDENTIAL QUARTER OF WINNIPEG: A VIEW OF WILDWOOD, WITH GARAGES FLOATING DOWN THE STREET.



A FINAL GAMBLE WITH FATE: A HOUSEHOLDER'S POSSESSIONS PILED ON THE ROOF OF HIS HOUSE AT ST. NORBERT AS THE FLOOD-WATERS ROSE.



(ABOVE,) THE TRAGEDY OF A CANADIAN FAMILY: A MOTHER WITH HER CHILDREN LOOKS ACROSS THE FLOOD-WATERS AT HER RUINED HOME FROM THE BOAT WHICH RESCUED THEM.

THE disastrous floods in Manitoba, described as among the worst in the history of Canada, have been illustrated in our issues of May 20 and 27. Here we show further aspects of the flooding, which has brought ruin to many thousands of homes and necessitated the evacuation of some 80,000 people from the greater Winnipeg flood area. Over 50,000 men have been employed in building and strengthening the dykes of sodden sandbags covering some 15 miles with which attempts were made to contain the floodwaters of the Red River. Operations were directed by Brigadier R. Morton, who had some 5000 Army, Navy and Air Force personnel under his command. The Red Cross and other organisations have been carrying out relief and rescue work and volunteers, such as the young men shown in one of the photographs above who stayed in their flooded home to operate their amateur radio transmitting set which formed a link in the system of communications, came forward to assist the authorities. The anxiety of the British people, as expressed by the Government, to provide medical and other supplies for the sufferers has been warmly appreciated by the Canadian people.



AT AN AMATEUR RADIO STATION USED AS A RELAY POINT FOR MESSAGES: RED CROSS WORKERS WITH THE YOUNG OPERATORS.

## THE RED RIVER FLOODS: A CANADIAN DISASTER IN WHICH 8000 HOMES HAVE BEEN INUNDATED.



(ABOVE.) FIGHTING THE FLOODS IN MANITOBA: A SECTION OF THE PINE FALLS COFFERDAM ON THE WINNIPEG RIVER BEING BLASTED TO RELEASE THE PENT-UP WATERS.

*Continued.]*  
Mr. St. Laurent the Prime Minister, in a survey of his recent visit to the area affected, reported that some 8000 homes had been flooded, and that about 2000 of them were under water over the first floor. On May 14, Lord Alexander toured the dykes which had been thrown up by servicemen and civilian volunteers, and also flew over 600 square miles of the flood area. A fact-finding commission to inquire into the nature and extent of the damage caused by floods in the Red River valley has been appointed to advise the Government.

(RIGHT.) A CITY UNDER WATER: AN AERIAL VIEW OF WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, SHOWING SOME OF THE MAIN AREAS AFFECTED BY THE RED RIVER FLOODS.

THEIR MAJESTIES' sympathy with the victims of the Red River floods in Manitoba was expressed in a telegram to the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Alexander of Tunis, on May 23, when the flood-level of the river had dropped 6 ins. from its peak-level and the authorities were beginning to hope that, providing there were no heavy rains, the worst was over.

[Continued below, left.]

(RIGHT.) NOT A NEAR-MISS, BUT FLOATING WRECKAGE LODGED AGAINST THE ELM PARK BRIDGE IN WINNIPEG BEING BROKEN UP WITH EXPLOSIVES BY CANADIAN TROOPS.



RELIEVING THE PRESSURE ON THE MCGILLIVRAY DYKE PROTECTING THE RESIDENTIAL RIVER HEIGHTS DISTRICT: FLOOD-WATER POURING THROUGH A MAN-MADE GAP.



PULLING ON THIGH-BOOTS BEFORE INSPECTING THE DYKES PROTECTING WINNIPEG: FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA (CENTRE).

AT the fourth session of the Atlantic Council of the twelve Foreign Ministers meeting in London, it was decided "to build up a system of defence equipped with modern weapons and capable of withstanding any external threat directed against any of them." For this purpose they decided, by appointing deputies, to establish a permanent body which would permit the Council fully to discharge its rôle as the principal body of the North Atlantic Treaty. That is to say, the deputies will be able to devote whatever time is necessary for the development of the work, something which the Council representatives were not in a position to do, and will compose what is in effect a whole-time organisation, with a permanent staff. They will also have a permanent chairman. Their headquarters will be in London. In furtherance of Article 9 of the Treaty, the Council established a North Atlantic Planning Board for ocean shipping, which will be composed of representatives of the countries concerned. The task of this board is to deal with "all matters relating to the factor of merchant shipping in defence planning," on which it will report directly to the Council. It was assumed that the combined resources of the members of the Treaty, properly co-ordinated, were sufficient to ensure speedy development of adequate military defence without impairing their social and economic progress.

The impression left by the reports of this meeting of the Council is that it was a business-like affair and that good progress was made. A stage had been reached when it was necessary to put plans already made into effect, to work out the division of financial responsibilities, and to adapt and develop the forces required. A great part of the wording of the statement issued is naturally formal, so that there may be some doubts about its interpretation; but it seems probable that the rather sensational forecasts published during the earlier part of the session, that the Atlantic Treaty would replace the existing defence organisation of Western Union and that the latter would fade out, did not correspond with realities. It may be, of course, that some such solution was considered to begin with and later rejected as impracticable. If so, it becomes all the more important that, whatever snags there have been to hinder the progress of military preparedness under Western Union—and I have stated with confidence that there have been some—should be removed quickly. On the other hand, a sound Atlantic Treaty organisation is certain to exercise a favourable influence upon Western Union.

It is also welcome to find that the Council is impressed by the importance of linking financial and economic considerations to military. One of the factors which has in the past hampered the development of defence in Western Union has been the question of how the cost was to be shared, and this applied not merely to the capacities of the nation concerned to find the funds, but also to the problem of how much and what proportion each ought in fairness to be called upon to pay, taking into consideration its military responsibilities. It is not to be expected that this question will be answered easily, and the communiqué does not suggest that even a beginning has been made in answering it; but handicaps as difficult have been overcome. This is one of the respects in which the Atlantic Treaty organisation may be able to aid that of Western Union, because it has been, apparently, in part this unsolved problem of finance which has held up progress. The framers of the Atlantic Treaty have always been conscious of the importance of the economic side and of how fatal it would be to kill the economy of the European nations by smothering them under the weight of armaments. The Council's view about the adequacy of their resources is, however, confidently expressed.

It is also to be noted that, while various tasks are laid down for the Committee of Deputies, some of them political, priority is given to two which concern defence plans. The first is to study the inter-relationship of the various programmes of defence and to ensure the co-ordination of the Defence Committee, the Defence Financial and Economic Committee, and other bodies established by the North

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### PROGRESS ON THE ATLANTIC TREATY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele, Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

Atlantic Treaty Organisation. The second is to recommend to Governments the steps necessary to ensure that effect is given to the co-ordinated plans prepared for the defence of the North Atlantic area. It has been established that the weakness of all such organisations is found when it comes to the point of translating principles into practice. There may be difficulties of this sort here also, but at least it can be said that efforts have been made to give this organisation a practical form of machinery and to ensure that it gets down to its task in a practical way. We must not forget, however, that plans are still on paper, and that almost the only definite step yet taken in the field of action has been that taken on American initiative, the despatch of American arms to Europe, which began recently.

One aspect of the work ahead on which particular insistence is laid in the communiqué is that of co-ordination. This is, indeed, of the highest importance, as regards both the strategic employment of fighting forces and the production of the arms and equipment which they require. If the aims are reached in this respect, something will have been accomplished hitherto unknown in military affairs. In war, notably in the Second World War, considerable efforts have been made to achieve co-ordination, including that of industrial production. Never before, however, has anything of the sort been attempted in time of peace.

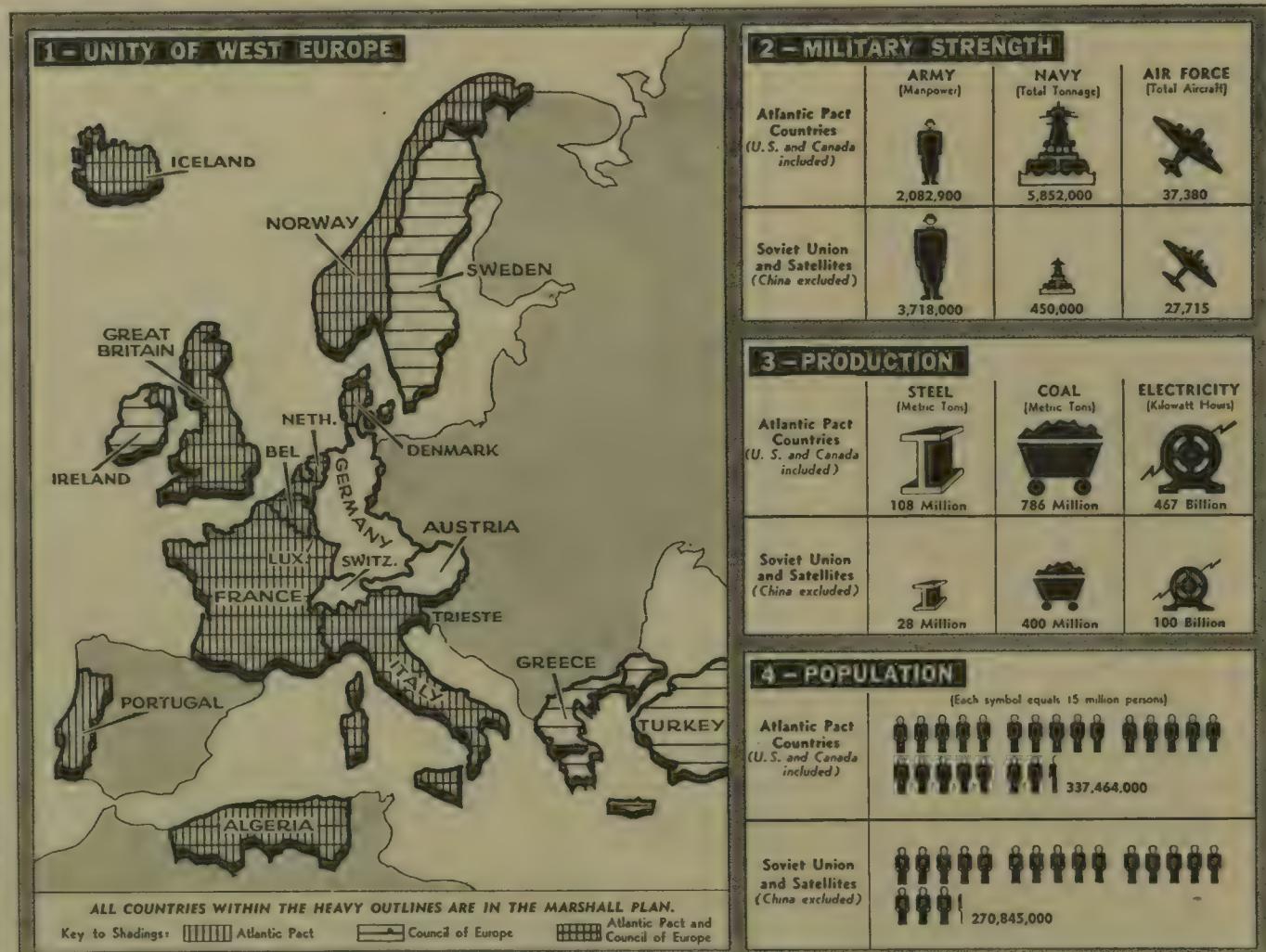
matters relating to trade between the two continents, with which this organisation must frequently be concerned. It may be argued that the liaison could have been established in other ways, but this would appear to be the most suitable and convenient way.

Meanwhile, as the Foreign Ministers who had come to London were setting out again for their own capitals, Mr. Bevin made, on behalf of this country, an announcement

that Britain continued to take interest in the security of countries outside the Atlantic Treaty, in particular Greece, Turkey and Persia. Mr. Acheson made a similar statement on behalf of the United States. Mr. Bevin said that opportunity had been taken to re-examine the position of these countries, the safety of which was a matter of special concern. All of them are threatened. The situation of Greece has improved immensely, partly through her own exertions and the assistance afforded to her military efforts by the United States, partly as a result of the change in Yugoslav policy brought about by the Soviet campaign against the régime of Marshal Tito. Turkey is also better off than a short time ago, but is engaged in a difficult and delicate task, that of reforming and rejuvenating her Army, the risk being that, in getting rid of the old-fashioned, the reformers may get rid of some of the old-fashioned Turkish military virtues. Persia, the most defenceless of the three, was during the month of May faced with the sort of complaint which always seems so sinister when it comes from a dictatorship, that of permitting, if not encouraging, unfriendly incidents on the frontier. Yugoslavia was not mentioned by name, but can hardly have been absent from the minds of Mr. Acheson and Mr. Bevin.

I began by saying that, so far as it is possible to judge from a report of this kind, the Atlantic Council meant business—and did it.

The results, at all events, sounded better than those which commonly come out of international conferences. The report was well received in this country, and came as an agreeable surprise to the United States. It is as well that this should be so, because the opinion of the experts is that the time accorded for the building-up of a sound system of defence in Western Europe may not be very long now, perhaps not more than three or four years. This is a chilling appreciation, the full significance of which I hope to discuss a little later in another article. From our present point of view, it must be taken as a warning to waste no time and not to indulge in the petty playing for national advantage which has been far from unknown in the efforts hitherto made to provide a defence of the West. If the appreciation is correct, then none



A STABILISING INFLUENCE IN WORLD AFFAIRS: A CHART ILLUSTRATING FOUR IMPORTANT FACTORS IN EUROPE—UNITY, MILITARY STRENGTH, PRODUCTION AND POPULATION—WHICH LEND AUTHORITY TO THE DECLARATION THAT THE ATLANTIC PACT POWERS ARE "DETERMINED THAT FREEDOM . . . SHALL BE DEFENDED AGAINST EVERY THREAT OF AGGRESSION OR SUBVERSION, DIRECT OR INDIRECT."

In the article on this page, Captain Cyril Falls discusses some of the results of the fourth session of the Atlantic Council which ended in London on May 18. Here we reproduce a chart from American sources showing four important factors in Europe which give strength to the decisions arrived at by the Foreign Ministers of the twelve nations concerned. The production figures in the chart are estimates for 1949.

The States of the Atlantic Treaty, particularly the stronger among them, are in this respect making a great experiment. It is on the whole promising, and if it succeeds to a reasonable extent will have the effect of greatly strengthening the defensive power of the allies which have embarked on it. Co-ordination is so powerful a factor that it must be reckoned as in itself a credit item in the accounts, so that when it is present the credit side adds up to something greater, perhaps considerably greater, than the sum of the contributions made by all the allies. Once more, this must not stop short at pious aspiration. It must be practical and real, and it may not be possible to achieve it without making certain sacrifices.

Another useful step has been taken on the economic side. The Organisation for European Economic Co-operation (O.E.E.C.) is, as its title implies, a European body, one of the few of its kind in which the United States does not participate. It has now been proposed that O.E.E.C. should invite not only the United States but Canada also to establish "on an informal basis" a working relationship with it. It has been suggested that the chief point on which discussion would be valuable is the so-called "dollar gap," the rock on which so many plans and hopes founder. It is not implied that Canada and the United States will acquire any authority in the affairs of O.E.E.C. or become full members of it. Their advice and help are none the less likely to prove of the highest value to it in

of the States concerned can afford slackness, formalism or frivolity, and the nations forming Western Union can afford them least of all. It must indeed be a question whether three or four years employed to the best advantage will be adequate to do what has to be done. At the best, military results take a long time to follow military plans.

It is not worth while entering upon the provision of a defence system unless this is undertaken without reservations. Men will make sacrifices of self for the sake of a football team. If nations hesitate to do so for the sake of a defence pact, with their whole existence at stake, they would be wiser to keep out of the organisation, in which case they would not be deceiving themselves or others. A definitely defeatist policy has at least this to be said for it, that it is adopted with eyes open and does not pretend to be anything that it is not. Even to-day one cannot pretend that all are prepared to share the dangers equally, since those less sharply threatened take things more easily than their less fortunate friends. It does, however, appear that at last there has sunk in a realisation that the threat is in general a real one, that the only possible way of facing it with any prospect of success is by means of an honourable and unselfish union of forces, and that there is no time to waste in making this effective. If the last session of the Atlantic Council brings home these lessons more clearly it will have done good work.



**THE DEATH OF A GREAT SOLDIER: THE LATE FIELD MARSHAL EARL WAVELL, VICEROY OF INDIA FROM 1943 TO 1947, AND VICTOR IN THE WESTERN DESERT CAMPAIGN OF 1940 TO 1941, WHO DIED IN LONDON ON MAY 24.**

Field Marshal Earl Wavell, who underwent a severe abdominal operation in a London nursing home on May 5, his sixty-seventh birthday, died on May 24. Educated at Winchester and Sandhurst, he was gazetted to The Black Watch in 1901. He served in the South African War and later on the North-West Frontier of India. In World War I, during which he was wounded and lost an eye, he was awarded the Military Cross for his service in France. Between the wars he held various staff appointments and commands, and at the outbreak of World War II, he was C.-in-C. in the Middle East. Probably the best-known of Field Marshal Earl Wavell's campaigns was that in the Western Desert in the winter of 1940-41, which ended in the almost complete

annihilation of the Italian forces in North Africa. He was Commander-in-Chief, India, from 1941 to 1943, being also Supreme Commander, South-West Pacific, from January to March, 1942. In June, 1943, he was appointed Viceroy and Governor-General of India, and the next three-and-a-half years proved the most strenuous and critical of his whole career. Field Marshal Earl Wavell will also be remembered as a notable writer. "The Palestine Campaign" became a standard military manual; his biography of Lord Allenby appeared in two parts: "Allenby, a Study in Greatness" and "Allenby in Egypt." "Other Men's Flowers," an anthology, was published in 1944, and "The Good Soldier" in 1947.

*Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.*



PERPETUATING BRITAIN'S THANKS TO THE COMMONWEALTH AND UNITED STATES FOR FOOD GIFTS WHILE PRESERVING GEORGIAN LONDON: THE EAST SIDE OF MECKLENBURGH SQUARE, WHICH MAY BE RESTORED.

When the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frederick Rowland, announced in a broadcast on March 21 the opening of a National Thanksgiving Fund, as an acknowledgement to the countries of the Commonwealth and the United States of the voluntary aid sent by their peoples to Great Britain in the form of food parcels, he explained that the fund was to be used primarily to develop a residential centre in London for students from overseas. The plan centres round London House, a collegiate residence in Mecklenburgh Square, for men students from the

Commonwealth. It is proposed to build a fine residential hall similar to London House, on the opposite side of Mecklenburgh Square, for women and married students, at a cost of £600,000. The proposals embodied in the Lord Mayor's appeal have been the subject of a public inquiry by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning. When the inquiry was opened at St. Pancras Town Hall on May 22, Mr. Michael Rowe, K.C., on behalf of the Dominion Students' Hall Trust, sought permission to develop under five proposals. In seeking permission

the principle for the erection of a completely new building on the north side of the square, Mr. Rowe explained that the cost of rebuilding the destroyed properties and adapting the existing properties would be enormous in proportion to the advantage to be derived. The east side of the Square—part of which is shown in our drawing—has not suffered so badly from the bombing, and it is proposed to preserve and restore the Georgian buildings there to accommodate, chiefly, men students from America. The cost of the work on the east

side will be about £250,000. On the second day of the public inquiry into the proposals, many objections were heard. St. Pancras Labour Party opposed the application and suggested that hostels should be built in Brunswick Square. Miss M. C. Robinson, appearing for the Tenants' Association, Mecklenburgh Square, said that the north side was a most desirable area, having a wonderful old-world village-green atmosphere. The Town Clerk of the Borough of St. Pancras said that if the application was granted it would seriously affect the accommodation of local families.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

# THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN AMERICAN "TWISTER": A LARGE-SCALE VERSION OF A TORNADO SUCH AS RECENTLY OCCURRED HERE.



BEFORE IT WAS STRUCK BY A LARGE-SCALE TORNADO, OR "TWISTER," USUALLY REGARDED AS A PECCULARLY AMERICAN HAZARD: THE NEAT, WELL-KEPT TOWN OF CAPE GIRARDEAU.



A TORNADO IS A ROTATORY STORM TRAVELLING IN A NARROW PATH: THIS REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE MOMENT WHEN ITS FUNNEL IS HALF-FORMED. IT IS SEEN TO THE RIGHT OF THE SPIRE.

SHOWING THE BLACK SNUB OF THE TORNADO ACTUALLY WHIRLING RIGHT DOWN TO THE GROUND: THE MASSIVE BLACK CLOUD HAS SPREAD OVER MOST OF THE SKY, DARKENING THE SCENE.



ILLUSTRATING THE RAPIDITY WITH WHICH THE WHIRLING STORM IS MOVING: THE DOME, HIDDEN BY THE DARK ROTATORY DISTURBANCE IN OUR LEFT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH, IS NOW VISIBLE.

ONLY 2500 FT. FROM THE CAMERA: THE TORNADO, STILL MOVING RAPIDLY, HAS PASSED OVER THE WHOLE TOWN, HAVING KILLED TWENTY-TWO PEOPLE AND INJURED SOME 150 OTHERS.

On Sunday, May 21, a whirlwind and thunderstorm swept down from the Chilterns through Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire, and damaged 300 houses in the village of Linslade, near Leighton Buzzard. It was described as a "pocket tornado," and lasted for twenty minutes. The storm blew up in a moment, and when it had passed, hardly a building over a square mile in Linslade had escaped damage. Six inches of rubble and broken glass covered

the streets. Parked cars had been lifted and dashed against telegraph poles, trees uprooted and animals driven wild with fear, but happily no casualties in Linslade were reported, though much material damage was done. Eye-witnesses described the whirlwind as a "cone of fury." Tornadoes, which are rotatory storms travelling in a narrow path, are usually regarded as a peculiarly American hazard. They require great masses of warm, moist air moving in one direction

and of cool, dry air moving in another. Large-scale ones need enormous open spaces in which to form. These conditions are met with more completely and more frequently in the U.S.A., in the prairie basin which stretches between the Rocky Mountains and the Appalachians, than anywhere else, and they occur there on an average of forty-six days annually. Our remarkable photographs depict graphically the passing of a tornado or "twister," as it is called in America,



THE TORNADO IS MAKING A STEADY MARCH TO THE RIGHT AT SOME 40 MILES AN HOUR: ITS PROGRESS CAN BE GAUGED BY THE DISTANCE THE CENTRE HAS MOVED FROM THE CHURCH SPIRE.



A SCENE OF DEVASTATION AFTER THE TORNADO HAD PASSED: STREETS IN THE WRECKED TOWN OF CAPE GIRARDEAU, IN WHICH 202 HOUSES WERE DESTROYED BY THIS DISASTROUS STORM.

over a Missouri town. The photographer who secured them, Mr. Gordon Coster, saw the sky turn prematurely dark shortly before 7 p.m., and observed a huge black cloud bearing down on the town from the south-west. He climbed to a roof-top, set up his camera, and secured the astonishing photographs which we reproduce. This tornado totally destroyed 202 houses, damaged 231, killed 22 people in ten minutes, and injured at least 150 others.

Photographs by Gordon Coster.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

### A PET FOR THE POCKET.

By ALFRED LEUTSCHER, B.Sc.

THE little slow-worm, or blind-worm, which is neither blind nor a worm, and can on occasion become quite active, has sufficient cause to avoid man, as it is frequently taken for a snake, and treated as such. If noticed in the garden its presence should be welcomed, as this limbless lizard will help to account for numerous plant pests, especially the small, white garden slug, which creates so much havoc in the herbaceous border.

As a pet it is popular with schoolboys, for the slow-worm may easily be tamed, and will submit to handling. The close-fitting scales of its hazel or grey-coloured body give it a silky texture as it glides through the hand. In all probability it will entwine the fingers, as a precautionary measure to prevent a fall. It may even tie itself into a knot. The full-grown body, some 18 ins. in length, and entirely devoid of external limbs, feels stiff to the touch. This feature, coupled with the habit of losing its tail, has earned for it the name of *Anguis fragilis*. The tail vertebrae easily fracture under a blow, or with rough handling. In nature, many a slow-worm has no doubt owed its life to this deliberate accident. The spasmodic twitching of a severed tail, which may jerk for as long as fifteen minutes, serves to distract the attention of an enemy. A wild slow-worm seldom retains its full length of tail, and when found often possesses a stump where the fracture has healed. As the injury is a natural one, it should cause no alarm should such an accident occur with a captive specimen.

A slow-worm will settle down in the vivarium of moss and stones and soon start to feed. The eyes, which may blink at its owner, are attracted by movement, and this pet may be persuaded to take a meal from the fingers. Its method of attack is deliberate. After carefully examining its prey from different angles, and giving a lick or two with its notched tongue, it will seize a small, live worm or slug in bulldog fashion, and by edging its jaws to one end slowly swallow the meal. If a shallow dish of water be provided, it may be seen in the act of drinking with slow laps of its tongue.

Since its snake-like appearance can so easily deceive us, is it possible that in nature other animals, which it is likely to encounter, can make a similar mistake? With frogs this seems quite probable. I once placed a slow-worm in a vivarium containing three common frogs which were already so tame that they would sometimes attempt to catch a moving finger. Repeated attempts were made to swallow the "worm," and one frog actually managed to get the slow-worm in its mouth. Suddenly these frogs began to behave as if frantic with fear, making every attempt to escape and dashing madly against the glass sides of their enclosure. From their behaviour I was led to the conclusion that these frogs had for one moment mistaken my pet for a likely meal, and the next instant reacted to some fear impulse, due to mistaken identity. In other words the slow-worm had taken on the appearance of a deadly enemy, namely, a snake. This erratic behaviour continued for many days, but finally the slow-worm was ignored.

The colour and attitude of a slow-worm at rest, as it suns itself upon a bank, may cause one to pass it by unnoticed, for the resemblance to a dead bracken stalk or a polished stick is very close. One might, therefore, expect a natural enemy to pass it by when humans fail to notice its presence, and this occurred once as I was observing a slow-worm from behind a bush. A viper emerged from a low wall, and, although it noticed the movement of a passing bird, missed the slow-worm in its travel. A frog in the initial stages of escape will leap hurriedly away, whereas a slow-worm usually stiffens in an attitude of death.

During cold weather the slow-worm may be

Slow-worms enjoy the sunshine and the warmth of a hand, and their home should be placed in a situation, such as a window corner, where the sunlight can reach it during part of the day. Because they can pass through small apertures, the home should be checked for avenues of escape, no matter how small.

Young slow-worms, born alive in a membranous bag which ruptures at parturition, appear in summer, and may number from six to twelve. They are pretty little creatures, measuring about 3 ins. The colour above is usually a silvery cream, with a black spot on the head which continues down the back in a thin line. The underparts are a deep brown. The pet-owner who wishes to rear these youngsters should have little difficulty if a liberal supply of small worms and slugs is provided. As these animals are able to distinguish food, dead or alive, small portions of raw meat can also be placed in their feeding-tray. There is no parental care shown by the adults, and as usual whenever this occurs among wild animals the young are well able to care for themselves.

Slow-worms, in common with other reptiles, are sometimes found coiled together in "nests" during hibernation. This is not necessarily a gregarious instinct, but probably a precautionary measure against the elements. It helps to conserve moisture, and beneath a frozen surface the slow-worm is secure in its winter sleep, with its body temperature slightly above zero.

The pet which is kept in the garden reptiliary will show itself more and more infrequently as the colder days approach, until finally it will disappear entirely. By the time a sharp morning chill is in the air, it will have found for itself a safe winter retreat, beneath some stone or in a hole which is filled with leaf-mould. Here it will remain until the following spring when, on some sunny morning, the owner will rediscover it coiled sleepily on the leaves of the previous year's fall.

At indoor temperatures a slow-worm will remain active throughout the winter months, but this does not appear conducive to good health and a long life. It would be safer to pack it away in a box of dried grass or leaves, which is occasionally moistened, until the slow-worm is ready to emerge. Native reptiles hibernate, and to upset this natural cycle is unwise, partly because the natural food is difficult to obtain.

Although it sometimes bites, this little animal is inoffensive, and the slight nip which it may give its owner need cause no alarm. The tiny teeth, suitable for catching its food, will probably fail to penetrate human skin. In captivity it can be long-lived, and there is a case on record of a slow-worm which lived with a family circle for twenty-eight years.

A specimen which was used for demonstration during lectures would remain passive in my pocket for hours, and although it sometimes crawled out would rarely fall to the ground. That it would feed immediately after such an experience would seem to indicate that a slow-worm can adapt itself to unusual situations, making, in fact, an ideal pet.



THE GARDENER'S FRIEND AND A SCHOOLBOY'S PET FOR THE POCKET: A SLOW-WORM, OR BLIND-WORM (*Anguis fragilis*)—A LIMBLESS LIZARD WHICH IS OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR A SNAKE.

The diet of the slow-worm consists mainly of slugs, and it should therefore be a welcome visitor to the garden. Though it is often mistaken for a snake, it is harmless and enjoys the warmth of a hand and will entwine the fingers to prevent itself from falling to the ground.

Photograph by Lionel E. Day, F.R.P.S.

discovered in a state of torpor under stones or logs, and its capture is not difficult. When picked up its movements are sluggish, its eyes may even be closed, and the resemblance to a worm is very marked. Since it is fond of burrowing in leaf-mould, the misappellation of "blind-worm" is easily understood.

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THE HOME OF FLORA MACDONALD AND THE CLAN MACLEOD:  
SKYE, SCENE OF A RECENT FESTIVAL AND CLAN REUNION.



FISHING IN LOCH LEATHAM, IN THE ISLE OF SKYE. THE ISLAND HAS BEEN CELEBRATING DURING THE LAST WEEK OF MAY A FESTIVAL DESIGNED TO MAKE KNOWN ITS BEAUTIES TO A WIDER CIRCLE.



BEARING THE NOBLE WORDS OF DR. JOHNSON: "HER NAME WILL BE MENTIONED IN HISTORY AND, IF COURAGE AND FIDELITY BE VIRTUES, MENTIONED WITH HONOUR." THE GRAVE OF FLORA MACDONALD, PRESERVER OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.



SKYE'S MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAINS: PEAKS OF THE COOLINS SEEN ACROSS LOCH SCAVAIG, WITH SGURR ALASDAIR (3309 FT.), THE HIGHEST OF THE ISLAND, AT THE EXTREME LEFT.



LOOKING OVER PORTREE HARBOUR TO THE CLOUD-CAPPED MOUNTAINS WHICH DOMINATE MOST PROSPECTS IN THE ISLE OF SKYE. PORTREE IS THE ISLAND'S CAPITAL.



SAY TO BE THE OLDEST INHABITED HOUSE IN SCOTLAND: DUNVEGAN CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CHIEFTAIN OF THE CLAN MACLEOD.

The Isle of Skye, the largest island of the Inner Hebrides and one of the greatest interest—whether to Jacobites, students of Dr. Johnson, amateurs of islands, mountain-climbers, sportsmen, or those in whom poetry has been quickened by the strains of "Over the Sea to Skye"—has been holding during the last week of May a Festival Week. This week has been designed to make known the beauties and the associations of the island to as many people as possible; and to attempt to bring about a reunion of as many as have ancestral associations with the island and can return to



A COUNTRY POSTMAN IN SKYE. THE TURF-ROOFED BUILDING IS NOT UNTYPICAL OF THE OLD TYPE OF DWELLING NOW GENERALLY REPLACED BY WELL-BUILT HOUSES.

it to refresh those associations. The châtelaine of Dunvegan Castle, Flora MacLeod of MacLeod, the twenty-eighth chieftain of the Clan MacLeod, arranged to welcome at her castle MacLeods from all over the world. Some were expected from as far afield as New South Wales, Australia. It will be recalled that two years ago MacLeod clansmen from all over Canada gathered to greet her at Sydney, Nova Scotia. Dunvegan Castle is famous for its possession of the fairy flag of the MacLeods and many relics of Prince Charles Edward and the 'Forty-five.'

THE WORM IN THE BUD AND THE CANKER IN THE FRUIT: IDENTIFYING TWO TYPICAL PESTS.



"THE WORM IN THE BUD": THE GRUB OF THE APPLE-BLOSSOM WEEVIL. SMALL AND WHITE, THESE GRUBS DEVELOP INSIDE THE BLOSSOM, AND "CAP" IT.



A "CAPPED" APPLE BLOSSOM, WHICH HAS BEEN SPOILT BY THE WEEVIL GRUB AND WILL, IN CONSEQUENCE, NEVER DEVELOP.



THE ADULT APPLE-BLOSSOM WEEVIL, PHOTOGRAPHED ON AN APPLE FRUITLET: GREY IN COLOUR, IT IS ABOUT  $\frac{1}{2}$  IN. IN LENGTH, AND GOES INTO HIBERNATION AS EARLY AS JUNE OR JULY.



AN APPLE-BLOSSOM WEEVIL IN THE INACTIVE PUPA STAGE, REVEALED IN AN ABORTED BLOSSOM BUD. IN APPEARANCE IT RESEMBLES THE ADULT, BUT IS YELLOW AND DORMANT.



FOR THE FRUIT-GROWER'S "ROGUES' GALLERY": A MUCH-ENLARGED PORTRAIT OF THE APPLE-BLOSSOM WEEVIL (*ANTHONOMUS POMORUM*). GREY IN COLOUR AND ABOUT  $\frac{1}{2}$  IN. LONG.



"THE WORM IN THE FRUIT": THE CATERPILLAR OF THE CODLING MOTH, REVEALED IN THE CENTRE OF AN APPLE, OF WHICH IT DEVOURS THE HEART BEFORE EMERGING TO PUPATE.



A CODLING MOTH CATERPILLAR, MUCH ENLARGED: PALE PINK IN COLOUR, WITH BROWNISH HEAD, IT FEEDS ON THE HEARTS OF APPLES, PEARS AND SOMETIMES PLUMS.



THE ADULT CODLING MOTH (*CYDIA POMONELLA*). ACTUAL SIZE,  $\frac{1}{2}$  IN. TO  $\frac{2}{3}$  IN. WIDE. GREY, WITH BROWN "WATERING" AND COPPERY BLOTHCH ON FOREWINGS.

Success in dealing with plant pests depends primarily on two factors: identifying the pest; and learning its life-history in order to discover the period of vulnerability. Here, and on the following page, we reproduce some interesting photographs from a library which is being created by the Shell Photographic Unit for this purpose; and we have chosen for illustration three all-too-familiar fruit-tree pests. The Apple-blossom weevil lays single eggs in flower-buds at the "green-bud" stage; grubs develop at the "pink-bud" stage, eat the bud-centre, "capping" it and making it useless. The grub soon pupates, the adult weevil emerging from the chrysalis in a

few days, and from the ruined bud shortly after. It then feeds on the foliage until June or July, when it hibernates until the next spring. Control is by spraying in the "green-bud" stage. The Codling Moth, which is grey, "watered" with dark brown, and has coppery blotches on the forewings, lays eggs on the surface of fruit in June and July. The caterpillars bore into the fruit and feed on the centres, emerging after 8 to 10 weeks and hibernating as pupæ under bark and in forks of branches until spring. The fruit falls and a dark patch develops around the exit hole. Control is chiefly by winter washes to destroy hibernating pupæ.

## CLOSE-UPS FROM A "ROGUES' GALLERY" OF COMMON ORCHARD PESTS.



AN APPLE SEVERELY MARKED BY CAPSID BUG ATTACK: THE CAPSID NYMPHS FEED ON THE SURFACE OF THE FRUITLET, WHICH BECOMES RUSSETED AND DEFORMED AS HERE SHOWN.



PEARS, AS WELL AS APPLES, ARE ATTACKED BY THE APPLE CAPSID BUG (*PLESIOCORIS RUGICOLLIS*): AND THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF A TYPICAL EFFECT SHOULD HELP GROWERS TO IDENTIFY THE PEST.



AN APPLE CAPSID NYMPH ON AN APPLE-LEAF: THESE NYMPHS, WHICH ARE PALE YELLOW IN COLOUR, MOVE RAPIDLY IN BRIGHT WEATHER AND GROW FROM ABOUT 1/16TH IN. LONG.



ANOTHER VIEW OF AN APPLE CAPSID NYMPH: THIS IS THE BUG'S MOST DESTRUCTIVE STAGE, WHEN IT FEEDS ON LEAF AND FRUIT SURFACES.



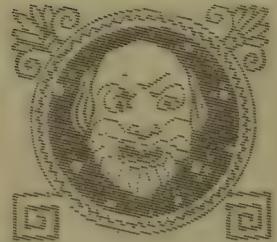
THE APPLE CAPSID BUG (*PLESIOCORIS RUGICOLLIS*) IN THE ADULT STAGE: IN THIS PHASE IT IS GREEN IN COLOUR, HAS WINGS, AND IS ABOUT  $\frac{1}{2}$  IN. LONG. IT ATTACKS YOUNG GROWING SHOOTS AND SO CAUSES THEIR DEFORMATION. IT LAYS ITS EGGS IN SUMMER.



A MUCH ENLARGED VENTRAL VIEW OF AN ADULT CAPSID, SHOWING THE TWO LONG STYLETS (DOWN FROM BETWEEN THE EYES) WHICH ARE USED TO PIERCE THE FOOD.

These photographs, like those on the opposite page, were taken by the Shell Photographic Unit to help the fruit-grower by giving him the means of identifying a particular pest at all stages of its development. They show the Apple Capsid Bug, whose characteristic damage to apples and pears is shown in the top two photographs. *Plesiocoris rugicollis* is the most prevalent species. The adult (bottom two pictures) lays its eggs principally in the bark of young shoots during June and July. These

eggs remain dormant until the following April or May, when the nymphs (middle two pictures) hatch out. They are pale yellow, about  $1/16$ th inch long, move rapidly in sun, and change their skin about five times, becoming larger and more mature until they turn into adults of about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. long. In this stage they remain on the trees for about 6-7 weeks before laying eggs and starting the life-cycle again. Control is chiefly by winter washes of tar-oil, followed by petroleum washes in spring.



# The World of the Theatre.

## YOUNG PERSONS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I MUST confess to a fear of Infant Phenomena in the theatre. It dates from a time when, week by week, I would attend a twice-nightly melodrama house. The melodramas were generally blithe and fruitful—I recall with pleasure one that showed the Indian Mutiny in progress against a backdrop of Dartmoor—but too often they had children in them: children, recruited locally, who would sing-song through their parts until I ached to turn them out into the snow or lead them to the nearest mill-race. Experienced dramatists, who ought to have known better, would hazard much on the child: thus a small scene in "The Silver King," in which Denver, returned from the Far West, comforts the little girl who does not know him to be her father, can crumple ludicrously if Cissy is out of form. I am glad to report that, in the recent revival at the Bedford, Camden Town, she was in good spirits: indeed, the old play was fighting fit, and John Justin tossed Denver's dream-speech towards the back of the gallery with a gusto that must have shocked the quietists.

Writers for the stage are still adventurous with children. Warren Chetham-Strode, author of "Background," at the Westminster Theatre, has entrusted the most awkward scene in the piece to a boy, John Charlesworth. He bears it so easily that, not for the first time, I am seeking to shake off my morbid dread of the Infant Phenomenon. I ought to have done this long ago—remembering, for example, the excitements of "Tomorrow the World" and "The Winslow Boy"—but, alas, in my mind's eye I see still the plump girl of fifteen who shook the golden curls of Fauntleroy, and (in a rather better play) a child who massacred the part of Young Macduff so relentlessly that some of us nearly rushed to the stage to embrace his murderer, the shag-haired villain. I can still hear the line, "As birds do, mother," trilling out in an arch, saccharine treble.

John Charlesworth may ask now, and with reason, why he should be bracketed with these babes-in-the-wood of nightmare. He is right. I am merely trying to explain why I went to "Background" with an illogical prejudice that in future must be stifled. In this play, Charlesworth, who had been an agreeable Jim Hawkins in the Christmas "Treasure Island," has to do more than leap into apple-barrels and cope with Pew and Silver. He has to show the reaction of a sensitive "prep" schoolboy to the news of his parents' impending divorce and the shattering of the home. He does it with a piercing truth: thanks to his obvious sincerity early in the play, we are able to accept the tall story at the end, when Chetham-Strode arranges for the boy to return with a gun—prepared to shoot the "Uncle Bill" who is stealing his mother. There are two other children, both well acted: by Betty Blackler as a tough, horsey type who takes the news of the divorce with calculating calm, and by Marian Chapman as her young sister, who is numb with misery. But the boy dominates the Lomax nursery—I beg its pardon, schoolroom. Chetham-Strode's gamble has succeeded.

This is a provocative piece, by no means flawless but full of matter for debate in the foyers or on the journey home. The dramatist is single-minded. His theme is simply the effect of a possibly wrecked marriage upon the children of that marriage,

the loss of stability and "background," the breaking of a familiar world. In order to make his point, Chetham-Strode exhibits a husband and wife at the edge of disaster after sixteen years. He is a sarcastic, over-taxed barrister; she is hopelessly unmethodical. They scratch at each other's nerves like finger-nails over silk. Divorce seems to be inevitable; Barbara will marry that amiable Dobbin, Uncle Bill, and the

children must be told. Some of my colleagues have objected that nothing we see of the Lomax quarrels is grave enough to bring divorce. I am not so sure. An accumulation of minor wounds, a continuous rasping and snarling, can surely be as unbearable as one grand rally. Chetham-Strode has been wise, I think, to present his family with so much naturalism. It is very human, very true; we feel, until the last twenty minutes, that things might indeed have happened like this, that it is a transcript from life. We accept its end because we do, most anxiously, want the boy's happiness—here John Charlesworth and his author share the credit—and if the mother and father can make something of life again, so much the better.

Can they? There playgoers must answer for themselves. I cannot help thinking that the Lomaxes will soon be as much on each other's nerves as Beatrice and Benedick must have been after a year or so of married life. They are thoroughly genuine people at the Westminster, as played by Andre Morell and Valerie White: Miss White's control grows more impressive with every part, and Mr. Morell gets us to understand, if not to condone, the fellow whose approach to his wife is that of barrister to hostile witness. The couple are fortunate in their Austrian Nanny: Lilly Kann is here as expansive and generous as ever in a part that is directly of the theatre. Chetham-Strode has been uncertain, maybe, about a few points of detail. But it is a good, a stirring, and a poignant play. The problem

needed treatment, and in discussing it we can overlook the Adrian-get-your-gun contrivance of the last scene. John Charlesworth, I repeat humbly, obliges me again to falter in my dogmatism about the Infant Roscius, the Child at the Centre.

The only other child I have met on the stage lately is the small Dubliner who brightens one or two scenes in James Joyce's "Exiles." Although it was brave of Jack de Leon to present this rarely-performed play at the "Q," it can never be an exhilarating night in the theatre. Joyce's people, examining their souls with enthusiasm, are tiresome company: I sympathised with the small boy of the piece who wanted to go for a ride on a milk-cart.

This, at least, is not a conventional stage household. Few recent family circles have been conventional. In Rachel Grieve's "If This Be Error," which was done at Bath and has come now to the Lyric, Hammersmith, the problem is not divorce, but whether Father (a doctor in a small seaside town) should have married again. His new second wife had been tried for murder; in spite of her acquittal, the incident is not held to be a strong recommendation. This time the children of the family are grown up. One of them, an artist-daughter (Mary Morris) who seems eager to establish the sea-coast of Bohemia at the English seaside, is the best-developed character: she helps along a play that rarely generates full power but puffs on in little bursts. I am glad that Miss Grieve left out any Infant Phenomenon. There is no room for a Phenomenon in this play. Rather to my surprise, there was no room for one in the stranger family circle of "Madam Tic-Tac" (Winter Garden). Surely, in the murky and chaotic goings-on in that good pull-up for crooks off the Edgware Road—could its address have been Sly Corner, Sinister Street?—one young person more or less would have made little difference.



"A PROVOCATIVE PIECE, BY NO MEANS FLAWLESS BUT FULL OF MATTER FOR DEBATE IN THE FOYERS OR ON THE JOURNEY HOME": "BACKGROUND," A NEW PLAY BY WARREN CHETHAM-STRODE AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE, SHOWING (L. TO R.) JESS LOMAX (BETTY BLACKLER); JOHN LOMAX (ANDRE MORELL); ADRIAN LOMAX (JOHN CHARLESWORTH); LINDA LOMAX (MARIAN CHAPMAN) AND BARBARA LOMAX (VALERIE WHITE).



"A PLAY THAT IS ALWAYS SINCERE AND OFTEN MOVING": "BACKGROUND," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) NANNY BRAUN (LILLY KANN); JESS LOMAX (BETTY BLACKLER) AND BARBARA LOMAX (VALERIE WHITE).

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"BACKGROUND" (Westminster).—This is a children's hour in the theatre. W. Chetham-Strode seeks to show how the children of a family can be affected by the news of their parents' coming divorce. In a play that is always sincere and often moving, the dramatist owes a good deal to Andre Morell and Valerie White as the parents, and to John Charlesworth as the thirteen-year-old boy who takes the news so badly.

"IF THIS BE ERROR" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Rachel Grieve's play of a woman who, though acquitted of murder, has to face what is, in effect, a new jury when she marries again, has passages of excitement, though it dangerously lacks substance. Mary Ellis, Mary Morris, Clive Morton and Daphne Slater lead a good cast.

"THE HOLLY AND THE IVY" (Duchess).—Wynyard Browne's finely distinguished tale of a Norfolk vicarage, has now reached the West End, with the original Hammersmith cast. No playgoer should overlook it.

"TOUCH AND GO" (Prince of Wales).—A robust and lively little revue from America, with two cheerful newcomers—Kaye Ballard and Helen Gallagher—of whom we shall hear much.

"MADAM TIC-TAC" (Winter Garden).—The melodrama takes its name from the leading figure, acted with resource by Françoise Rossy. She is a deaf and blind Frenchwoman in command of a coffee-bar (and a gang of crooks) off the Edgware Road. During the first act Falkland L. Cary and Philip Weathers kept us interested, but the piece grew tedious and repetitive: we welcomed occasional lunges of violent action and the sound of apparently tropical rain.

IN CURRENT SHOWS: CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH ART  
AND A GREAT FRENCH IMPRESSIONIST.



"FARM AT BEACONSFIELD"; BY DAVID ROLT. ONE OF THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS ON VIEW IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION OF THIS YOUNG ARTIST'S WORK AT THE HAZLITT GALLERY, RYDER STREET.

David Rolt's last London exhibition took place three years ago. His current show at the Hazlitt Gallery, Ryder Street, is due to close to-day, June 3. He is an artist whose work is in the tradition of the great English landscape painters, and his sensitive water-colours are very attractive. The Hon. Andrew Shirley, who contributes the foreword to the catalogue of the exhibition, classes him in the "limited ranks of the intelligent romantics." The works on view include landscapes in oil and water-colour, and portraits and a portrait group. The subjects for his landscapes are taken from Essex, Oxfordshire, and Paris, and there is also a group from County Mayo which includes a number of seascapes.



"TREES AT COPFORD"; BY DAVID ROLT, ON VIEW AT HIS EXHIBITION, DUE TO CLOSE TO-DAY, JUNE 3. THE WORKS SHOWN INCLUDE OILS AND WATER-COLOURS.



"HÉLÈNE ROUART" (MADAME MARIN); BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917). DATED 1886.

The exhibition devoted to the works of Edgar Degas, one of the greatest of the French Impressionist painters, at the Lefèvre Gallery, Bruton Street, is an important show which will continue until the end of June. The paintings and sculpture on view have been carefully selected to show every side of the achievement of this artist, and include portraits, fine examples of the studies



"DANSEUSE RAJUSTANT SON ÉPAULETTE"; BY EDGAR DEGAS. C. 1899. AT THE LEFEVRE GALLERY.



"JEUNE FEMME DEBOUT"; BY EDGAR DEGAS. PAINTED C. 1871. IN THE CURRENT SHOW OF DEGAS'S WORK.

of dancers and of horses, for which he is most generally known, and a group of twenty-one bronze statuettes of ballerinas and of racehorses. The earliest work on view is "Groupe de Cavaliers à Epsom," an oil painted c. 1860, which shows the start of the Derby. "Jockeys Avant La Course," painted c. 1881, is one of the pictures of outstanding importance in the exhibition.



"THE NYMPH"; BY THE LATE ETHEL GABAIN, R.B.A., R.O.I. (MRS. JOHN COBLEY), ON VIEW AT THE ROYAL BRITISH ARTISTS EXHIBITION.

A Memorial Show of sixty-one works by the late Ethel Gabain, R.B.A., R.O.I. (Mrs. John Copley), has been arranged in No. 1 Gallery at the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists at their Galleries in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, and will continue until June 17. The exhibits include oils, drawings and lithographs, and illustrate the great talent of this painter.



"FLORA ROBSON AS MARY TUDOR"; BY THE LATE ETHEL GABAIN; ON VIEW IN THE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION OF HER WORK.



"A LITTLE FAIR GIRL"; BY THE LATE ETHEL GABAIN. ONE OF THE LAST THREE PICTURES WHICH SHE PAINTED BEFORE HER DEATH, WHICH OCCURRED RECENTLY.

Mr. John Copley, President of the R.B.A., in the foreword to the catalogue, writes: "My wife could only paint when she saw something in front of her that she felt to be beautiful; then she bent every faculty—her intense vision, her technical skill and *œuvre-de-main*—in the effort to search out and convey, not a surface illusion but the essential elements of the beauty she felt and saw."



**I**F by some miracle the three pieces of furniture illustrated here were the sole survivors on this island after some dreadful holocaust and were discovered in reasonably good condition by an archaeologist from Tibet a thousand years hence, what deductions could he be expected to make? I assume that written records have been destroyed and that he will be forming a considered judgment purely from the evidence before him. I am cheating, of course, because I know the answers (and so do you) and I have chosen these pieces deliberately—they attracted my attention because they differ so greatly in style. However, let him have a few lines to himself. I see him writing in these terms: "While it is possible that further discoveries may be made upon this distant island—the Ultima Thule of the ancients—it would appear from a close study of the only objects of this character which have so far been unearthed, that three separate civilisations followed one another in rapid succession. The tradition that the inhabitants of this area of the earth's surface were factious and quarrelsome cannot be lightly disregarded, and for my part I find it difficult, if not impossible, to imagine that three articles of furniture so antipathetic to one another could have been produced by men of the same race. I therefore, somewhat diffidently, suggest the following explanation. The Walnut-users—for so I call those responsible for the bureau-cabinet of Fig. 1—were a sedate and peaceful people, well versed in the art of writing and somewhat secretive, for this cabinet contains numerous receptacles and pigeon-holes, and each drawer and cupboard is provided with a lock, while one or two of them are neatly contrived to make the task of an unauthorised searcher for treasure exasperating and difficult. This Walnut Culture with the race of quiet introverts which produced it, seems to have been overwhelmed by a wave of migration from the Far East, for I can think of no other reason for the violent change in pattern and

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. CONTRASTS IN STYLE

By FRANK DAVIS.

style so clearly visible in the cabinet of Fig. 2: it bears a marked resemblance to the normal culture of our Chinese neighbours, yet it is not of it. Doubtless



FIG. 2. ILLUSTRATING THE DUTCH INFLUENCE OF THE PERIOD: A MAHOGANY CHINA CABINET, C. 1760. . . . perhaps that moulded double-arched cornice surmounted by two shell-pattern finials at each corner and a larger one in the centre is a trifle top-heavy to the modern eye, but it was a favourite device of its period and much admired in Holland . . .

By courtesy of Christie's.

the invaders, during their journey westwards, had become contaminated by the barbarian lands of Europe through which they passed, and had lost the original impetus provided by their ancestors without acquiring anything of value from new contacts. They were extroverts if not exhibitionists, and seem to have had no conception of the conduct befitting a scholar and a gentleman. Who, with any sense of fitness and modesty would dream of displaying to the world all the treasures of his household at one and the same time? Yet this is what they did, if we are to believe the evidence of this open, glass-fronted and glass-sided semi-Chinese cabinet. This most un-Chinese culture lasted but a short time, but the same passion for display and lack of reticence is to be seen in the gentler civilisation which followed it. This very feminine piece has an undeniable, if somewhat degenerate, grace (Fig. 3), and I deduce with some confidence that the third phase of which I am writing was dominated by women and may very well have been a Matriarchy. I now propose to enlarge upon the various points I have noted. . . . But here I think I must cut this learned and ingenious pedant, which is a pity, as I'm just beginning to be interested in him, with his nice, large, bland assumptions and air of disdainful erudition. What he has failed to realise is the receptivity of the eighteenth century in England to various fashions, and the lack of conservatism on the part of the polite world. Within the seventy-five years or so covered by these three pieces—and they are typical examples of their several kinds—there are numerous other experiments too. Each decade saw something new and the better sort of cabinet-maker must have felt that the world was indeed his oyster, with a comfortable living and maybe a considerable fortune, reasonably easy of attainment. Let us look at these three a little more closely. Fig. 1 can be dated

about the year 1710; perhaps that moulded double-arched cornice surmounted by two shell-pattern finials at each corner and a larger one in the centre is a trifle top-heavy to the modern eye, but it was a favourite device of its period and much admired in Holland as well—and so were the short, cabriole legs. The two panels on the doors have moulded borders, and behind them are shelves, and below them two candle-slides. The sloping front drops forward in the usual manner and rests upon two pull-out slides. Beneath, a shell medallion echoes the centre shell of the double cornice. Fig. 2—mahogany, of course, and about 1760—is as good an example as any from that brief interlude during which a half-understood Chinese influence invaded the town. The fashion will always be associated with the name of Chippendale, though others surely made similar experiments. The manner was too remote from the normal currents of European styles to last; while it did, it was responsible for many entertaining and agreeable pieces. The modern housewife is liable to look askance at the roofed pavilion on the top, not because of its form, but because of her hygienic horror of anything which can be labelled "dust-catcher," a consideration which never entered the head of her ancestresses. The carved and pierced supports of this little pavilion must be noted as excellent specimens of careful craftsmanship, as also the four columns which form the legs. With Fig. 3 we have our feet firmly planted in Europe—that elegant, light-hearted Europe which somehow managed to adapt to its own purposes the dozens of traditional decorative devices which had been handed down to it from classical antiquity and mould them to its own flimsy purposes. The style can easily become over-elaborate—not so easily when, as in this instance, the mind of Robert Adam is present to check extravagance. This piece presumably belongs to the 1780's and is satinwood and giltwood. Satinwood is not to everyone's taste, and I admit it has to be studied in a cabinet of this quality to be fully appreciated. I suggest that here the various decorative details are balanced with extreme nicety. How fussy they could become in less accomplished hands! The panels on the cupboard doors in the lower part are painted with Watteau-esque scenes—graceful little figures in fairy-tale landscapes. But the main beauty of this piece is provided by the interlacing pattern of the glazed doors, carved with delicate anthemion, vases and drapery—all this framed by the beautifully adjusted carved cornice and borders, which are carved and gilt with foliage, husks and medallions. The turned and fluted legs add a final touch of distinction.



FIG. 3. WITH PANELS PAINTED IN THE STYLE OF WATTEAU: AN ADAM SATINWOOD AND GILTWOOD CABINET, C. 1780. . . . The main beauty of this piece is provided by the interlacing pattern of the glazed doors, carved with delicate anthemion, vases and drapery—all this framed by the beautifully adjusted carved cornice and borders. . . .

By courtesy of Christie's.

FIG. 2. A VERY EASTERN VERSION OF CHINESE FASHIONS; A MAHOGANY CHINA CABINET. C. 1760. Frank Davis describes this piece as "as good an example as any from that brief interlude during which a half-understood Chinese influence invaded the town. The fashion will always be associated with the name of Chippendale, though others surely made similar experiments." (By courtesy of M. Harris and Sons.)

## A GIFTED WOMAN IMPRESSIONIST: ASPECTS OF BERTHE MORISOT'S ART.



"TWO CHILDREN IN ENGLAND," 1875; BY BERTHE MORISOT (1841-1895). SHE VISITED THE ISLE OF WIGHT AND ALSO RAMSGATE IN 1875. (16 by 19½ ins.)



"UNDER THE LILACS AT MAURECOURT," 1874: IN THIS YEAR BERTHE MORISOT EXHIBITED NINE WORKS AT THE FIRST IMPRESSIONIST GROUP EXHIBITION. (19½ by 24 ins.)



"PAULE GOBILLARD WITH HER DOG," 1877: A PARTICULARLY BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF BERTHE MORISOT'S WORK ON VIEW IN THE MATTHIESSEN GALLERIES. (28 by 23½ ins.)



"VIEW OF COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT," 1875: SIGNED BOTTOM LEFT; EXHIBITED IN THE SECOND IMPRESSIONIST EXHIBITION, 1876. (18½ by 14½ ins.)



"GIRL WITH A FAN" (JEANNE FOURMANOIR), 1893: THE ARTIST'S LATER MANNER DISCLOSED THE STRENGTH AND PURITY OF HER DRAWING. (25½ by 21½ ins.)



"YOUNG WOMAN SEATED ON A SOFA BEFORE A WINDOW," 1879: SIGNED BOTTOM LEFT EXHIBITED IN THE GRAFTON GALLERIES, LONDON, 1905. (31½ by 39½ ins.)

THE Berthe Morisot exhibition arranged by the Arts Council will continue at the Matthiesen Galleries, New Bond Street, until the middle of June. Every aspect of the art of this gifted French Impressionist is included, and thanks are due to Mme. Ernest Rouart, the artist's daughter, and M. Denis Rouart for their assistance, and to the many owners who have lent works. Berthe Morisot (1841-1895) studied under Guichard and then under Corot. A translation of M. Denis Rouart's essay on her appears as foreword to the catalogue. In this he points out that Corot's influence is noticeable in the [Continued below left.]



"EDMA PONTILLON (THE ARTIST'S SISTER) AND HER DAUGHTER ON A SOFA," 1872. (Water-colour: 8½ by 8½ ins.) (Lent by Captain Edward Molyneux.)

which displays her purity and strength as a draughtsman. Berthe Morisot was a gifted painter. "The way in which 'she lives her painting and paints her life' gives her work a special quality which Paul Valéry has rightly compared 'to the diary of a woman who expresses herself by colour and drawing,'" writes Denis Rouart.

*Continued.*  
landscape background of "Under the Lilacs at Maurecourt" and other paintings. Berthe Morisot was a fellow-worker with Edouard Manet, and became his sister-in-law. She took part in the Impressionist Group exhibitions, and for ten years produced those paintings which Denis Rouart calls "feasts of light." From 1890 she adopted a style

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THIS is an American week: as usual almost a strange advertisement for the American way of life. Not that we can give ourselves airs, but envy is impossible and smugness would be quite easy. At any rate, we may and should count our blessings: and first of all, the fact that we have no Negro problem.

This frightful theme appears again in "Lonely Crusade," by Chester Himes (Falcon Press; 12s. 6d.). But it is tackled with a difference. For the writer, himself a negro, is less concerned with disability as a brutal fact than as a poison in the mind. Contempt and cruelty may be sporadic, but fear is permanent; the over-sensitive, aspiring negro can't get away from it. He lives, precisely, like a damned soul in hell—damned by the colour of his skin, aware of nothing else, and irredeemable since he creates his own torment.

Here the scene is Los Angeles; and for a moment Lee Gordon is on top of the world. He has secured a "Negro First," a job as union organiser at a big aircraft factory. Not very flattering, perhaps; the council wanted a negro, to organise the workers of his own race. But Lee exults just the same. He has made a stand; he has refused to be degraded by his black skin. Why should a college graduate consent to work as a menial or an unskilled labourer? Most educated negroes begin like that, but they are wrong. And Lee refused, so he has always had a bad time. Now he has proved his point, achieved a white-collar job, even become a man of mark. And the white officials have been very friendly.

This elation lasts into the street—to be submerged by panic. He has done it again. He has crossed the line, incurred the frightful penalties of going where he is not wanted. Worst of all, he knows what they are, exaggerates them, dies a thousand deaths every time—yet go he must, though his defiance is the outside of abject fear. And if he were accepted, still it would be no use; for he would still be black, and guilty, and resentful, and terror-ridden. He is so raw that he resents goodwill; so conscious of abasement that he has to abase his wife, in order not to be the very lowest. Of course it's mean, but let her put up with it.

Briefly, oppression is not good for the soul. And yet if Lee had not so much faith and hope, if he were not a true idealist, it would affect him less. He may go to pieces in the end—or he may be luckier, and seize the right time for martyrdom.

The story of his short career is in the first place an action-story, full of intrigue and violence; then it is a social survey and debate. But always the essential theme is Lee Gordon, the aspiring soul imprisoned in a black skin. The author tends to over-write; but he is writing of what he knows, with power and passion yet with no unfair bias.

In "The Seeker and the Sought," by Marie Baumer (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), the inhumanity is negative. And it is universal; we are all tarred with the same brush. The hero is a tired business man—tired of his job, his moderate success, his wife, his respectability—in short, the whole routine. For weeks he has been conscious of guilt and failure; they have embraced him like a fog. Which is absurd, for he has done nothing, and failed no worse than other people. Then the child rings his bell. At nearly midnight, in suburbia—a strange child, crying desperately and pleading to be let in. But Walter slams the door on him. A strange boy, probably a hold-up; of course he slams it.

Next moment he is seized with horror. The child is running; and somebody is running after him. So he was really frightened and in need of help—and now he has gone. And somehow Walter can't resign himself to leave it like that. He starts by rousing up the neighbours, to inquire if they have seen or heard anything. From this proceeding, so unusual in Bedford Court, he reaps a Christian name and the address of the Wildflower pub. At first his vague design is just to go and look at it. But every step into unreality, every suspicion and evasion hardens his will to know. They are a queer lot at the Wildflower—dope-fends and petty crooks, and other tenants of the deep; yet Bedford Court is not far away, and they have much in common with its inmates. Nobody at either end can see why he wants to know, or swallow his concern about a strange child. Not long ago he would have felt the same; and after the ironical and almost fatal climax of this excursion, he feels the same again. At least . . . he has a good try. A moral thriller, fascinating in its way and full of queer types. But too obtrusive in its "lesson."

"No Safe Harbour," by H. H. Lynde (Constable; 10s. 6d.), would be a "cosy" book if it were English; in America they don't quite exist. But it is comfortable and domestic—and wholly feminine. At one point Madge Fairlie's handsome daughter describes her mother as a rabbit. Rabbit she is: a muddled, nervous little woman, a henlike traveller, a fool at business, born to be pushed around. Her brilliant husband made a slave of her, and taunted her with his infidelities, and now her daughter has assumed control. But there is one drawback; everything was left to Madge, and Margaret's husband is "no-account." When the depression comes, he can't even get a job. But they are too haughty to confide in Madge, and she is too dumb to notice; she thinks he has a job and goes on spending quite happily, as though the land were still flowing with milk and honey. Which, of course, infuriates them. But they know nothing of it when her own pile begins to melt: nothing of her midnight fears and gradual approach to poverty. She meets the war alone: alone she finds a new strength, a way to patch up their broken marriage, and a calm acceptance of insecurity. Admirable of its kind.

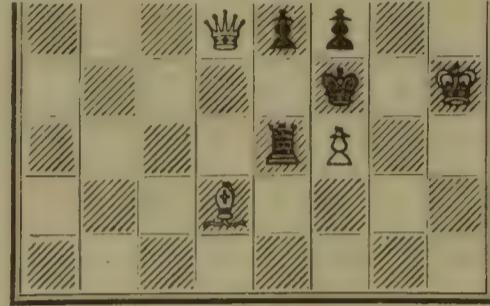
And so is "Murdering Mr. Velfrage," by Roy Vickers (Faber; 9s. 6d.). It is a thriller, and detection is my own fancy; but the thrills are not commonplace. As for the plot, I gather that one can't say too little. Be it enough to mention that the hero is quinine-drunk and slightly crazy when it all starts. Then he has a crash and wakes up in hospital. And so he never quite knows what happened, or what became of Mr. Velfrage, the neat solicitor, or what the rough-house was about, or who killed the corpse. There is a corpse—but not Mr. Velfrage. Also a priceless gem, a question of identity, and two lovely girls, one of them a luscious creature indeed.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

A BEAUTIFUL lightweight problem by W. von Holzhausen. The top three ranks of the board are empty.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves against any defence. Solution below.

"Dear me!"—though I understand it has been traced back to "Dio mio"—"My God"—must be one of the mildest oaths in the English language to-day. But just once, over the chessboard, this mild expletive led to an outburst of wrath and a man-hunt.

A keen deaf-and-dumb chess-player had come up to London. The news had spread around, but few had met him. Trading on this, Philip Williams, one of the most inveterate practical jokers in all chess history, separately approached two players, strangers to each other, suggesting they might like to play a game with the deaf-and-dumb newcomer. Both agreed and were introduced in dead silence, with much play of gesture and laborious use of deaf-and-dumb language. *Not to the mute, but to each other.* They sat down to play, each thinking his opponent deaf and dumb, until after an hour or more one of them made a weak move and, perceiving its consequences, muttered testily to himself, "Dear me!" "I thought you were deaf and dumb," ejaculated the other. "I thought you were!" replied the first, in equal surprise.

They looked round for Philip Williams, but that worthy, it appeared, had just been called away on urgent business.

Chess is well organised among our deaf and dumb in England, one of the keenest workers being a namesake of mine, F. N. Wood of Liverpool. Cambridge has a group of extraordinarily strong deaf-and-dumb players, though Liverpool Deaf and Manchester Deaf run them close. Outside England, the Belfast group is pre-eminent.

To the blind, of course, chess is a godsend. T. H. Tylor, an Oxford Don, R. W. Bonham, a schoolmaster, and Rupert Cross, a lawyer, have all competed in the British Championship; Tylor did best of all the home contingent in the great international tournament at Nottingham in 1936. The first two are almost completely, and Rupert Cross is completely, blind. All three are graduates of that wonderful College for the Blind at Worcester. Bonham has also distinguished himself as an oarsman, and is no mean darts player. (His method at darts is interesting; he has one trial shot and holds himself motionless whilst he is told where the dart has landed. His next dart is usually on the mark.)

A blind player at chess holds on his knees a miniature board fitted with peg-in men on which he keeps a duplicate of the position on the actual board of play. He calls out his move and hears his opponent's called out in reply.

What of the sad few doubly afflicted, by both blindness and deafness? They too can enjoy chess. Mr. J. Vardy of Sheffield who, I am told, plays in the Sheffield Deaf team which competes for trophies I donated some years ago, lacks both sight and hearing. He uses the typical pegged board for the blind, but as he would not hear a move merely announced, his hands are guided as the moves are made for him on his board.

Familiar as I am with chess in many aspects, it thrilled me when I learnt that, even when Fate has banged shut, not one, but two of those precious doors to our spirit, the senses, and when a man is left in a world of silence and darkness, chess can still exert its charm. It makes me humbly joyful that such a game exists.

## SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM.

1. Q-R8! If 1. . . . P-K5; 2. Q-R1, etc.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FOR THE TRAVELLER.

M. SACHEVERELL SITWELL dedicates his latest book, "Spain" (Batsford; 16s.), to Don Luis Bolin, an old friend of his of more than thirty years standing. It is just that he should do so. For Señor Bolin is now the Director-General of Tourism in Spain, and as such is making splendid efforts to end the fourteen-years-old isolation of Spain from the rest of Europe, and particularly from this country. As a result a rediscovery of Spain is taking place. Not only by British tourists, who are going there this year at double their last year's rate of 40,000, but by writers and artists. (At least two others of our leading writers are touring Spain at the moment, acquiring material for books.) This is all to the good. Although it has often been said that "Europe ends at the Pyrenees," to ignore Spain, either from misguided ideology or through mental or physical laziness, is to deprive oneself of scenic beauties and cultural treasures which eclipse even those of my beloved Italy and no less beloved France.

Mr. Sitwell has written a travel book—but like his books on Italy, it is something quite out of the ordinary. He claims to have visited—during the last thirty-odd years—every building of note, and nearly every town in Spain. This is travelling. But he travels always with the eye of the poet and the artist, and the result—even if sometimes his descriptive style is as baroque as the essentially Spanish baroque buildings he loves—is a pleasure to which I hope to return at intervals in the years ahead. Moreover, if the illustrations—such as the coloured photograph of Avila, whose unrepainted and unimpaired tenth-century walls show up those of Carcassonne as the modern fake they are—do not set you revising your plans for that next holiday abroad, nothing will.

"No land in Europe," writes Mr. Sitwell, "probably no other land in the civilised world, has so violent a personality, so strong a flavour, as that of Spain." Perhaps it is due to the climate, which is North African rather than European, a climate in which there is no compromise, sharp, clear air, where everything is closely defined and the colours are those of the worker in enamel rather than the water-colourist, where greens are at a discount, and browns and ochre, saffron and reds predominate (seen from the air the newly-tilled fields in the southern foothills of the Pyrenees in spring are actually crimson-lake in colour). Ortega y Gasset, as quoted by Professor Walter Starkie in his Introduction to "The Spaniards in their History," by Ramon Menendez Pidal (Hollis and Carter; 16s.), puts all Spain's misfortunes down to the fact that in the Middle Ages there was no strong feudal system in Spain as there was in England and France, and therefore no "select minority" to guide the dawning of the first nation to become one. "All that has been done is due to the people, and what the people have not been able to do remains undone." So writes Professor Starkie, quoting Ortega in his "introduction." I put the word in inverted commas as an "introduction" which takes up almost half the book needs perhaps a different name. However, no better authority could have been found to introduce the doyen of Spanish humanists than Professor Starkie, who knows Spain better than any living foreigner and who exercises, as head of the British Institute in Madrid, an influence which most ambassadors would envy, and which one in fact did! Menendez Pidal's essay is a "must" for anyone who wants to get to know the Spaniards, their courage, their austerity, their (to an Anglo-Saxon) exasperatingly illogical logic which makes them as uncompromising as their climate, their friendliness (Mr. Sitwell writes: "Were I to mention friendly Spaniards by name, it would be a list of all the Spaniards I have met"), yet their reserve, their indifference to death—indeed, almost their love of death—their vast energy and infuriating dilatoriness. And many friends of Spain will echo both his concluding cry: "Will this sinister craving to destroy the adversary never cease?", and his plea for a peaceful fusing of that traditionalist Spain which is ineradicable from the Spanish character, with an evolutionist Spain which is equally essential if she is to take her rightful place in the modern world and be neither a charming museum nor a ferocious battleground.

As on a recent visit to Spain I flew high over the drought-stricken Pyrenean valleys, gouged out of those harsh, tormented hills, I was reading a book about a country and people as utterly different from that below me as could be imagined. The book was "Marshland Adventure," by that excellent sportsman, fine writer, bizarre character and teller of tall stories in at least three dialects, Mr. James Wentworth-Day (Harrap; 12s. 6d.). This is the story of a winter's cruise through the Broads. The writer took his wife and seven-months-old daughter on this trip. (Evidently Mr. Wentworth-Day, whom I have seen with my own eyes crackling across the frozen mud of an Essex estuary for his invariable early morning bathe in one of the coldest winters of our time, believes that you cannot start living hard too young.) The author is perhaps the most considerable living authority on East Anglia, for there can be few parts of it where he has not sailed, or fished, or shot or (let us whisper it) poached. Though why, on second thoughts, one should whisper it I don't know, as the book ends with a most hilarious account of a dawn flight poaching affair on the Kent coast. The book is so packed with folk-lore and archaeology, natural history and pungent anecdote, that one fears lest, after his many other books, this might be Mr. Day's last. Happily, I know that the mine is well-nigh inexhaustible.

"Essex," by Mr. C. Henry Warren (Hale; 15s.), takes up the tale where Mr. Wentworth-Day leaves off (for the latter's book deals mainly with the Norfolk and Suffolk Broads). The "County Books," of which this is the latest exemplar, are without doubt the most uniformly well-written pictures of the counties of the United Kingdom yet produced, and "Essex" is no exception. To it—and with equal approval—must be added "Northumberland," by Herbert L. Honeyman; "Warwickshire," by Alan Burgess; and last, but not least, an excellent book on "Ulster," by Hugh Shearman, though, in a loyal attempt to make a case for Belfast, he goes a little beyond the bounds of even special pleading. It is difficult to forget the Dubliner's last word on that city who, when asked what his family consisted of, replied: "I've two sons—one livin' and one in Belfast."—E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.

## DEATH AND DISASTER IN TWO CONTINENTS; AND THE "COSSACK" EXPLOIT.



THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE TORNADO: PHOTOGRAPHED FROM STOKE MANDEVILLE AND SHOWING THE CONE OF THE STORM PASSING NORTHWARDS OVER ASTON CLINTON.

The freak storms of May 21, reported elsewhere in this issue, developed in the Chilterns into a tornado, which caused much damage in Leighton Buzzard and especially in the nearby village of Linslade. This village was swept from end to end in a style much more familiar in Texas and Arkansas than in Buckinghamshire, and hardly one of its 300 houses escaped damage. Fruit-trees and greenhouses were laid flat and a pigeon-cote uprooted and carried 300 yards. Elsewhere two men were killed by lightning.



THE TRAIL OF THE TORNADO—IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: A VIEW OF SOME OF THE SEVERE DAMAGE AT LINSLADE, NEAR LEIGHTON BUZZARD, AFTER THE FREAK STORM.



RESCUED FROM THE CHINESE NATIONALISTS BY H.M.S. COSSACK AND LYING AT HONG KONG: THE BRITISH SHIP *ETHEL MOLLER*, WITH NATIONALIST IDEOGRAPHICS ON HER BOW.



SOME OF THE CHINESE NATIONALIST TROOPS WHO WERE PASSENGERS IN THE *ETHEL MOLLER* WHEN THE SHIP WAS RECOVERED BY H.M.S. COSSACK, NEAR FORMOSA.

In February the British merchantman *Ethel Moller* was reported missing after leaving Hong Kong for Korea. On May 12, H.M.S. *Cossack*, leader of the 8th Destroyer Flotilla, found the ship being used to carry Chinese Nationalist troops from the mainland to Formosa. In an incident which recalls the previous *Cossack's* *Altmark* rescue, she put an armed boarding party in the *Ethel Moller*, disarmed the 150 Chinese soldiers, including two generals, and sent the British merchantman back to Hong Kong under escort of the frigate H.M.S. *Whitesand Bay*.



SOME OF THE WIDESPREAD DAMAGE OF THE EXPLOSION AT SOUTH AMBOY, NEW JERSEY, IN WHICH TWENTY-SEVEN DOCK WORKERS WERE KILLED: THE WRECKAGE OF THE AMERICAN CHEMICAL CO.'S BUILDING.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF A CRUSHED AND SHATTERED WAREHOUSE AT SOUTH AMBOY AFTER THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OF FOUR AMMUNITION BARGES IN COURSE OF LOADING.

On the evening of May 19, four barges were being loaded with munitions at South Amboy, New Jersey, for transfer to a merchantman and eventual despatch to Pakistan. There was a terrific explosion which did immense damage and showered the town with anti-personnel mines. Over 400 persons were treated for injuries, and it was officially stated that twenty-seven dock workers had been killed. The amount of ammunition to explode was estimated at 467 tons and the material damage done has been estimated at somewhat less than £9,000,000.

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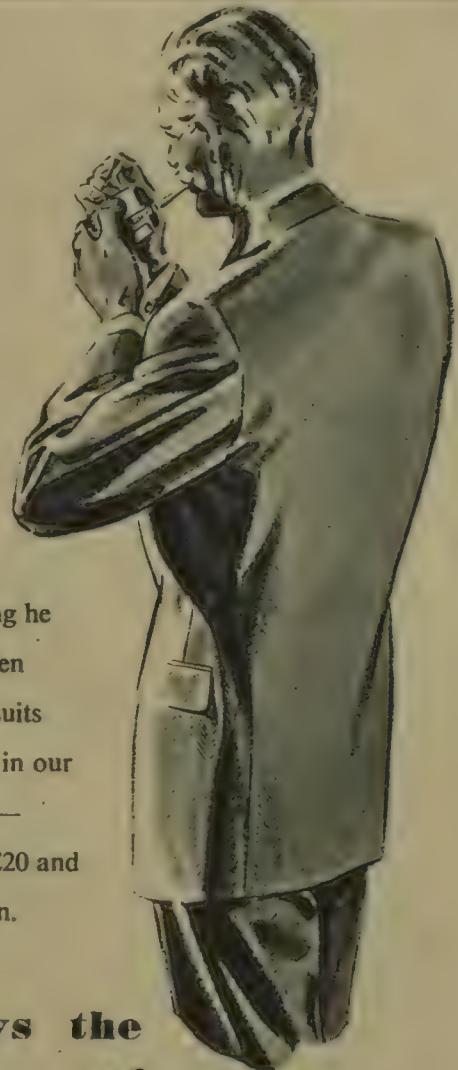
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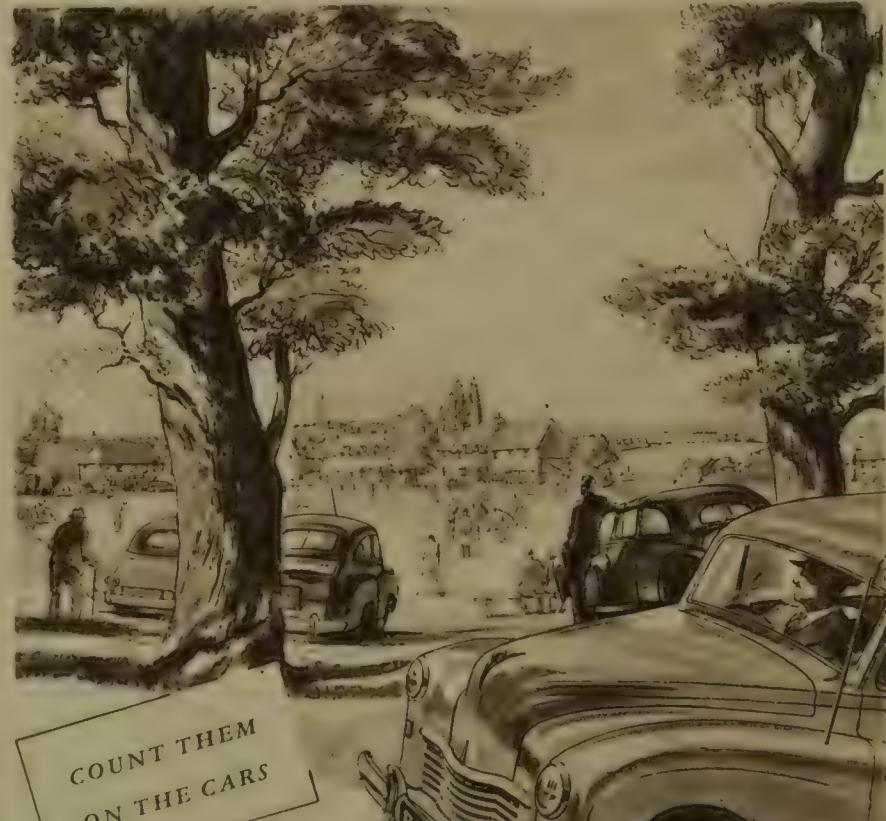
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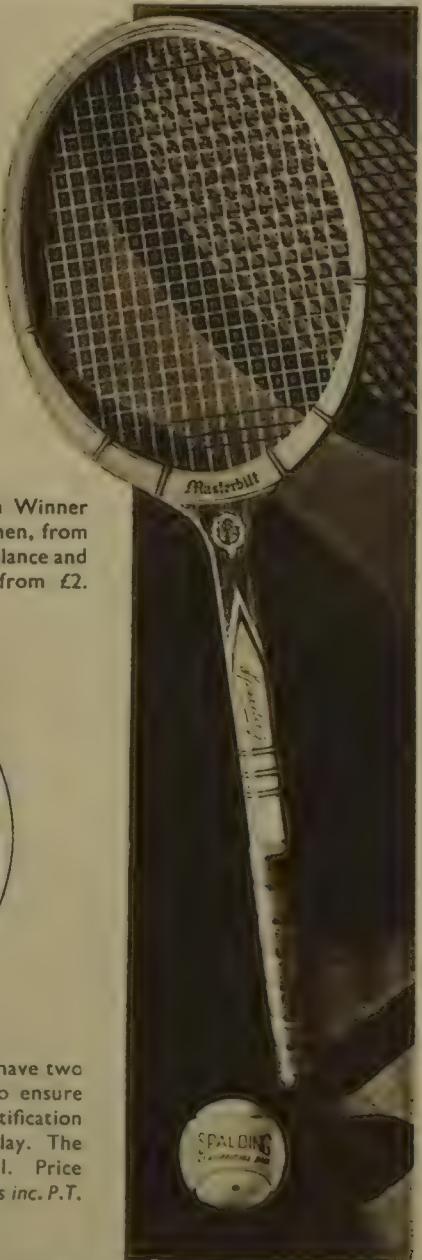
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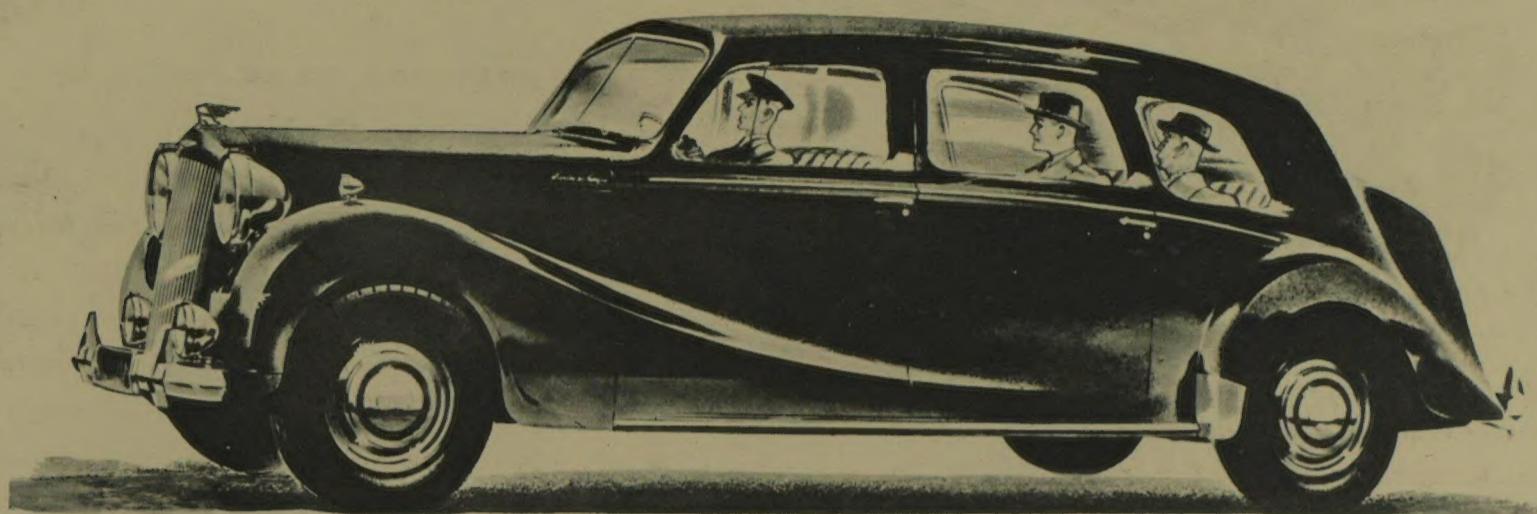
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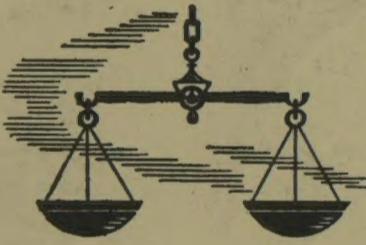


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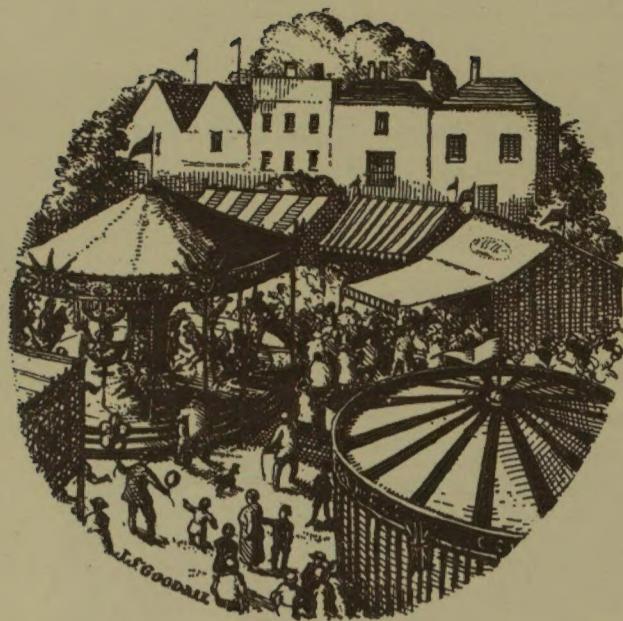
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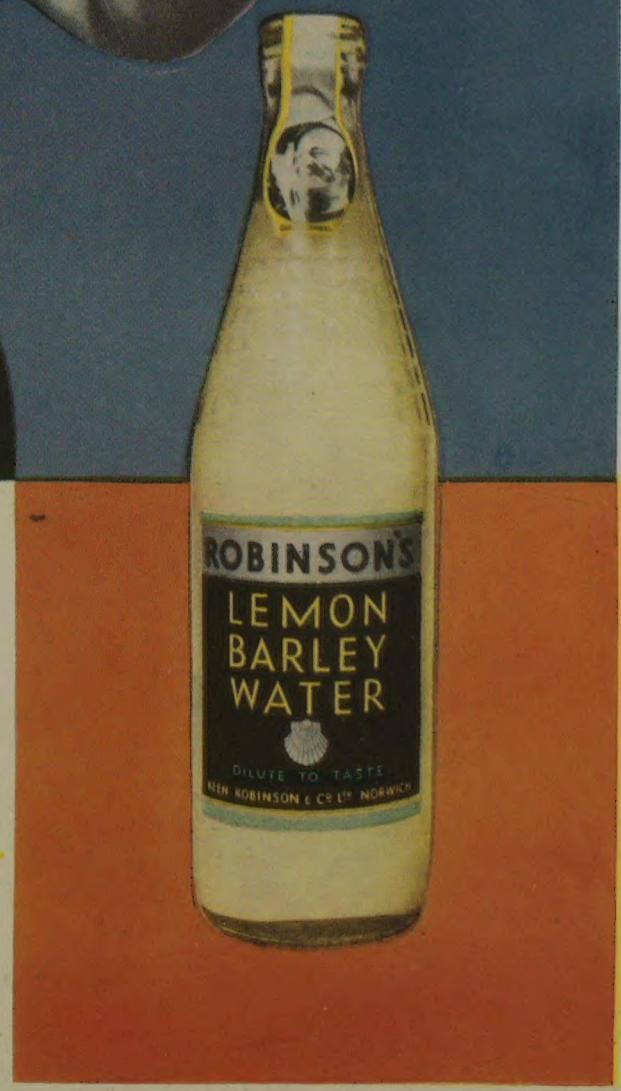
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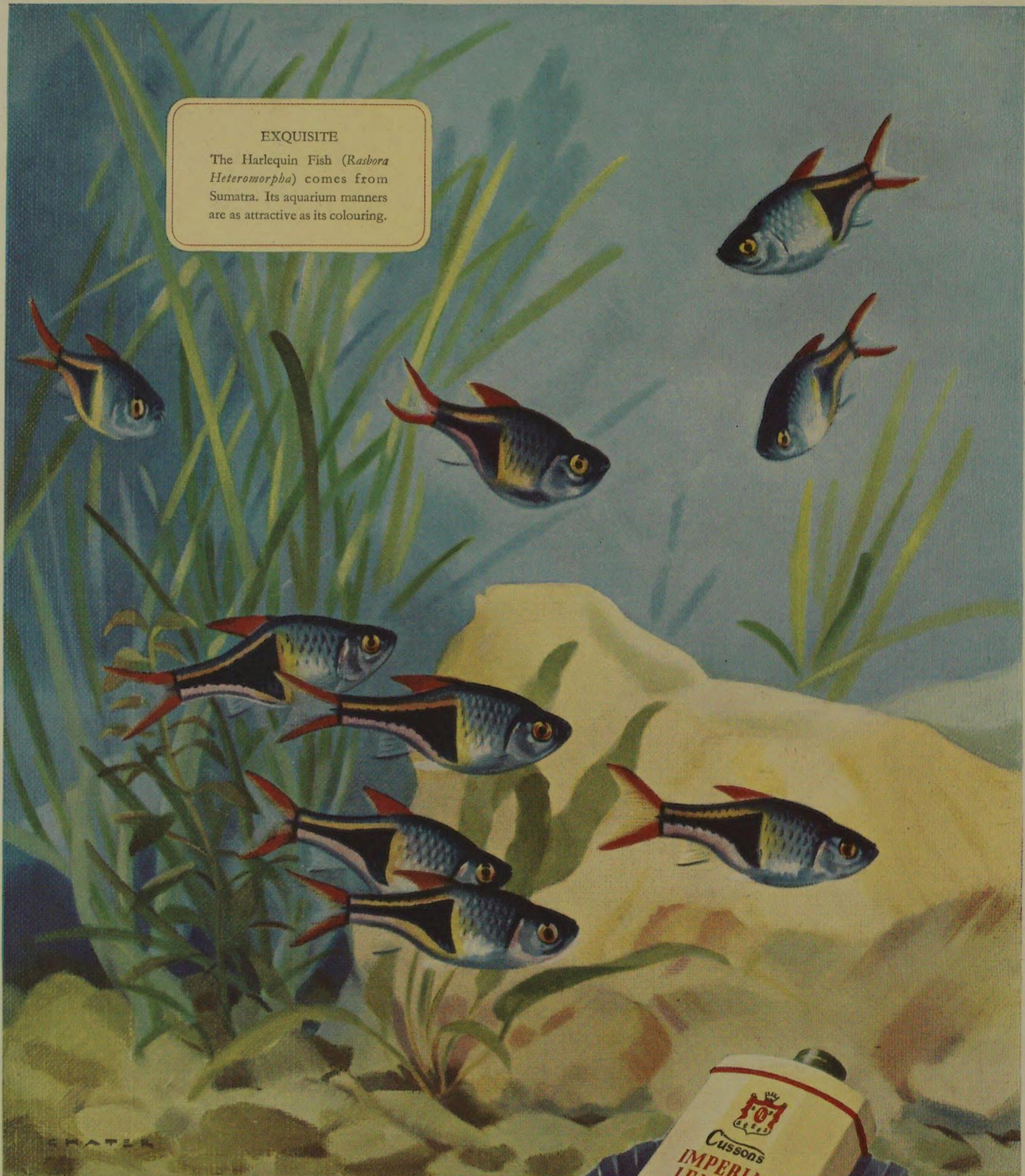


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